Vol. CLIII. No. 2004
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THE SPHERE, JUNE 18, 1938
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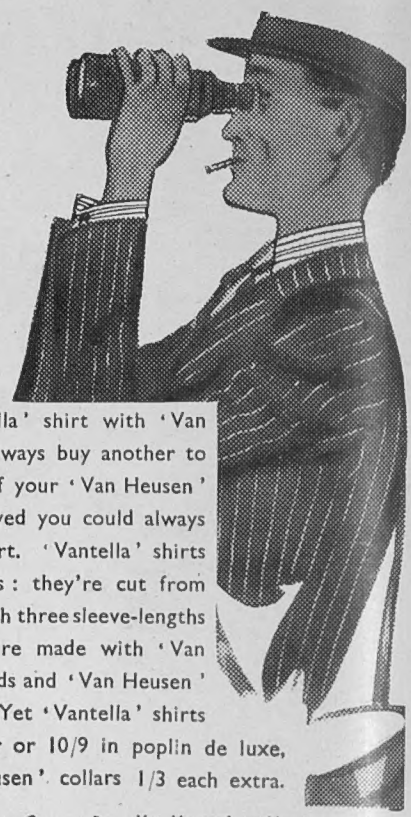

At least, if it were a 'Vantella' shirt with 'Van Heusen' collars, you could always buy another to match the collars. Similarly if your 'Van Heusen' collars get lost, stolen or strayed you could always match them again to your shirt. 'Vantella' shirts have other unique advantages: they're cut from fadeless, unshrinkable cloth with three sleeve-lengths to every neckband size; they're made with 'Van Heusen' unshrinkable neckbands and 'Van Heusen' curve woven semi-stiff cuffs. Yet 'Vantella' shirts cost as little as 9/6 in zephyr or 10/9 in poplin de luxe, with the matching 'Van Heusen' collars 1/3 each extra.

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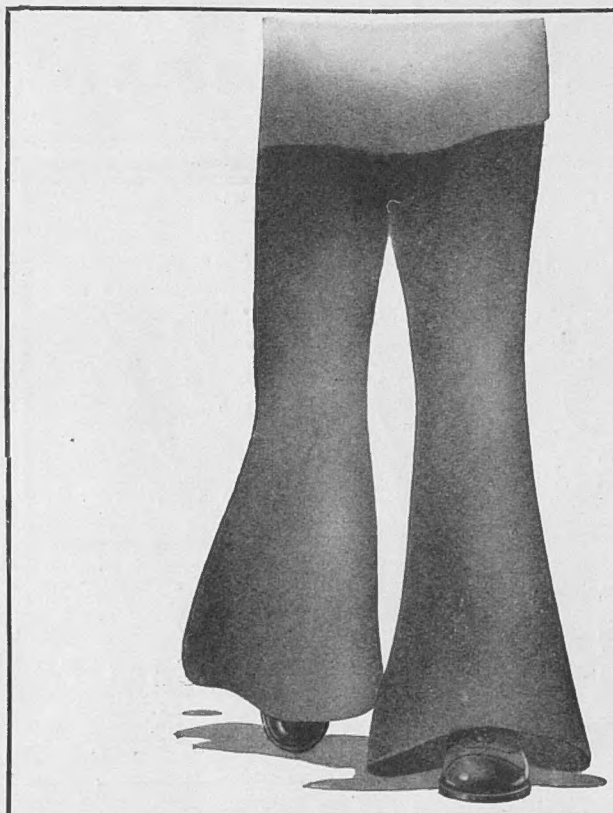

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Swan Pens

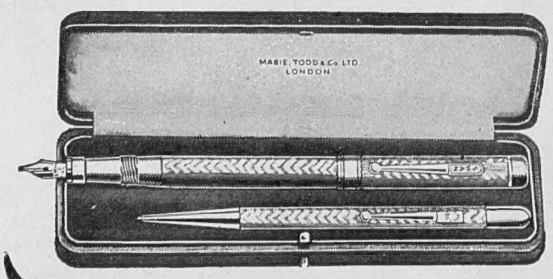

Illustration shows Swan Pen and Fyne-Poynt Pencil in presentation case No. L 204/RG 60/-. Other sets from 16/6. Visofil Swans 25/-. Leverless Swans from 17/6. Other Swans from 10/6. In many styles and colours, with nibs to suit all hands. Illustrated lists from Mabie, Todd & Co. Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., Mayfair, London, W.1, and Branches.

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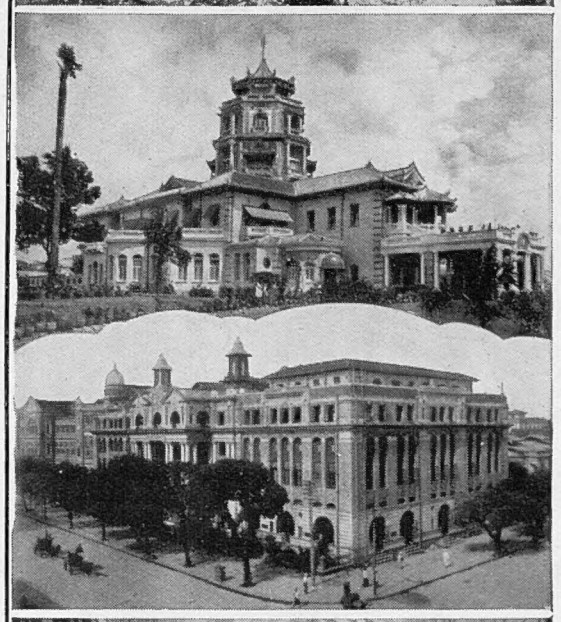

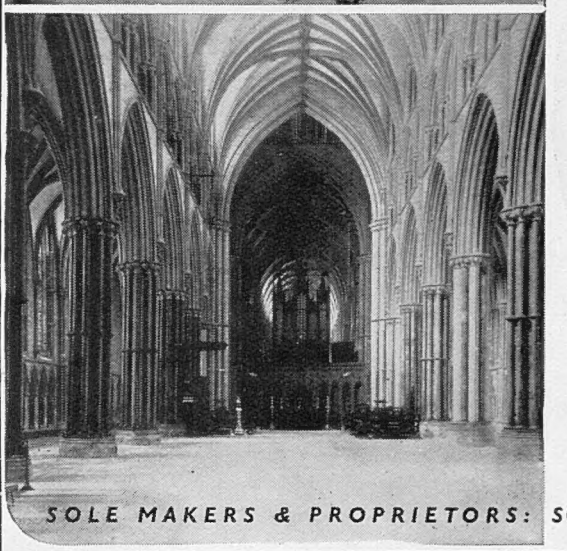

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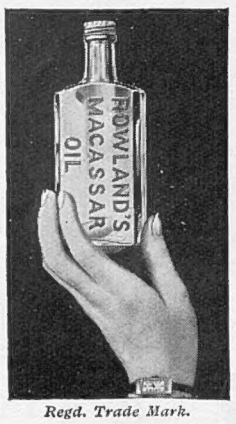

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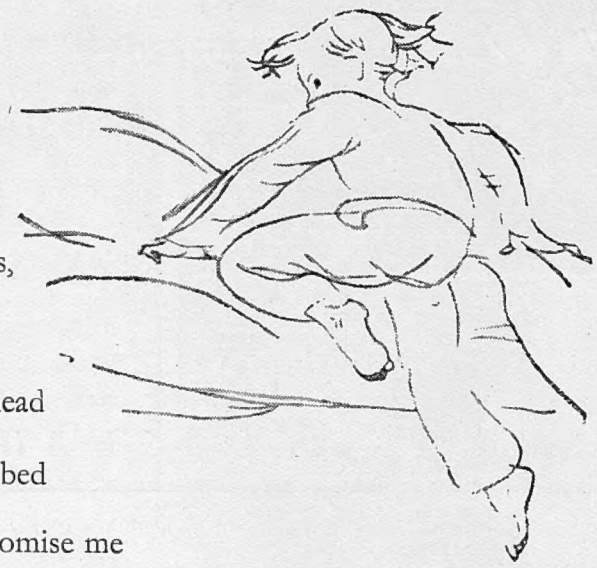
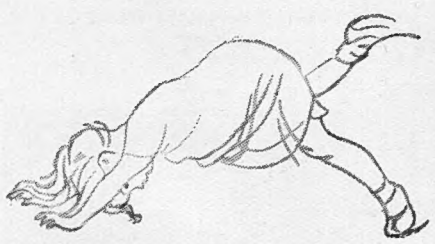
Radishes red



Radishes, radishes,
Radishes red.
I'll stand on my head
And I won't go to bed
Unless you can promise me
Radishes red.



Cerebos, Cerebos,
Cerebos white.
I'll switch off the light
And give Mummy a fright
Unless you can promise me
Cerebos white.

So unless you can promise me radishes red
Unless you can promise me Cerebos white
I'll pull the cat's tail and I won't go to bed
I'll hide in the dark and give Mummy a fright.
For I've mentioned it once and I'll mention it twice
There's nothing so crunchy and munchy and nice
Not even lump sugar or cocoanut ice,
But I'll pop off to bed and I'll switch off the light
For radishes red and Cerebos white.

CEREBOS SALT

for children of all ages

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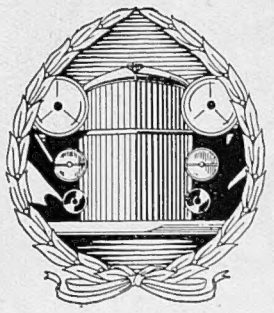

says MR. JOHN PRIOLEAU

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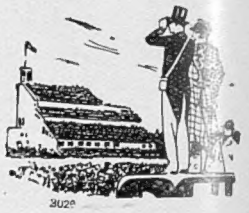

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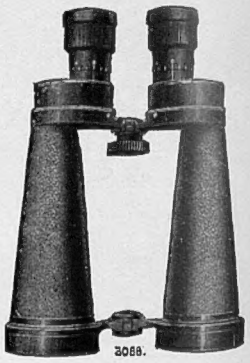
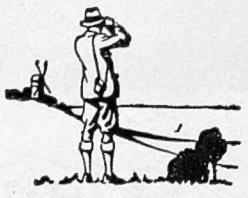


Type CF 30. 7 × 50 Binocular
ADOPTED FOR GENERAL USE IN THE BRITISH NAVY



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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 18, 1938

THE SUN SHINES ON ASCOT

As the King and Queen Drive up the Golden Mile on the First Day of the Royal Meeting

The world has no counterpart to Royal Ascot. As a social and sporting function it stands alone; for there is no other meeting where so many outstanding horses appear, where such a distinguished gathering assembles to watch them race, and where the prize money is so lavish. When, as this week, royalty graced Ascot with its presence, and on the opening day the sun shone down from a cloudless sky on a course prepared to perfection and on lawns gay with the colour of flowers and summery frocks, it seemed that nothing was needed to add lustre to this most brilliant event of a brilliant season. On Tuesday the King and Queen drove up the Golden Mile in state, with postillions accompanying them in scarlet, blue and gold livery, their arrival being greeted by a continuous roar of cheering from enclosure and stand. The first big event was the Gold Vase, and in this Mr. Peter Beatty, owner of the Derby winner, Bois Roussel, continued in luck by gaining the valuable prize with the French-bred Foxglove II, which he only bought on Monday night from the Aly Khan

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER: Memories were revived last Saturday when the Crystal Palace became for one day its wartime self as H.M.S. *Victory VI*, the name by which it was known, from 1914 to 1918, as the depot of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and the Royal Naval Division. The occasion was the re-union of the R.N.V.R. and R.N.D. Associations, attended by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who presented a new standard of the R.N.D. Association and, as depicted here, inspected a guard of honour of men from H.M.S. *President*. About sixty wounded men from various hospitals were entertained during the afternoon

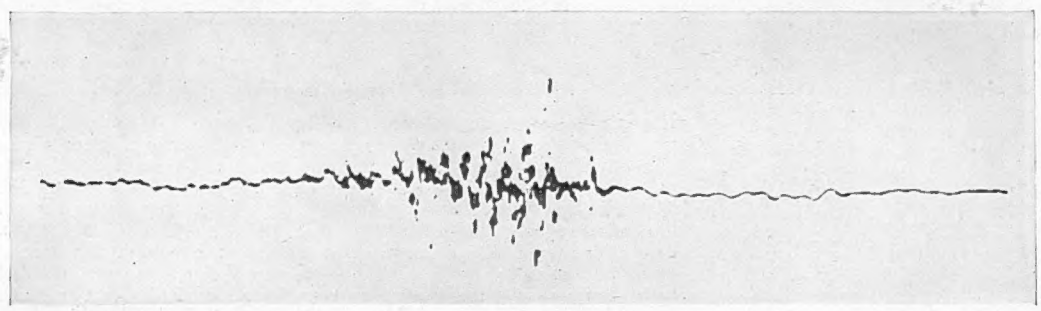
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, June 15, 1938.

PLANES FROM U.S.A.—£5,000,000 or £6,000,000 is a little drop in the ocean of American billion finance and the profit on the plane deal only a very tiny effort at pump priming. Even as a "token payment" it would not amount to a hill of beans. But (as the schoolboy said when his aunt sent him brandied cherries by mistake) "it is not so much the gift as the spirit in which it is sent." America hoped for this contract and has got it and is a little stimulated by it. For American industry is in humble mood once more and is glad of a crumb where at other times it looks down its nose at a loaf. We on our side get 400 much needed new planes within a year—which goes some way to redress the adverse balance of air armament fulfilment. The planes will be used for advance training duties and for reconnaissance and will all be built in California. Even Wall Street showed a brief flicker when the news came out that "freer trade" between Britain and the U.S. was signalled. But Lord Austin disapproves of the deal. Pity it isn't implements of peace. Note by the way: Even the scientists who have given men so many wonderful inventions in the last decades are getting nervous of their reputations when they see many of their acclaimed discoveries turned not to healing, helping, and bettering mankind but to choking, maiming, and murdering, and generally poisoning human life. And I don't wonder. So many of their inventions are proven the prime curses of humanity.

ASCOT.—In sight of the towers of Windsor, Ascot racecourse has always basked in the smiles and patronage of Royalty. It was laid out on the Heath by order of Queen Anne in 1711, who attended the first race meeting in August the same year. It is exactly two miles round on turf which in June is like Wimbledon centre court before the preliminary ties are played. The richest prizes, the finest racing, and all the star performers make the meeting the noblest racing fixture in the world; ergo, the most fashionable and brilliant function of the London season. Drive through Ascot any day in summer and you will judge it the smuggest, richest, prettiest suburb in existence. It is rhododendrons all the way, half concealing luxurious villas, discreetly sited, and containing every modern convenience known to a luxurious age. The Royal procession to the course has been a fixture since 1820, when George IV initiated it. Mr. Creevey noted in 1825: "Contrary to his former practice 'Prinney' drove up the course to his stand—himself in the first coach, the Duke of Wellington sitting by his side. There were three other carriages-and-four and twenty servants in scarlet on horseback . . . Lady Conyngham, Lady Mountcharles, Lady Bathurst . . . Lady Cowper, etc., etc., were the ladies about him, and the beauty of the day was Mrs. Hughes Ball." Other times, other manners. In the Edwardian age, the meeting reached its highest zenith of fame. Despite a heart-breaking selection necessary to regulate the crowds which sought admission, the congestion brought dust and discomfort unknown to-day and welcome only to the dressmakers. To-day there are crowds, less select, but no less rich and famous or notorious, but no dust and no enforced *hiking* from the station to the enclosure. All the same, I prefer the unfashionable side of the course, where the humours and the racing are better observed.

THREE GUINEAS.—Mrs. Woolf is that rarity, a writer whose merits no one dares call in question. Time was when it needed courage to blow the gaff on any accepted classic, dead or alive. To declare that *Sense and Sensibility* is a moderate novel even of its day or that J. M. Barrie could write pretty poor books — such assertions needed and still need courage. Mrs. Woolf is Olympian, out of reach of criticism or question even by the very young intellectual. Exactly how and when she won this position I do not know. It is almost unique in our day; not because we have comparatively few writers of merit, but because such of our literary critics as are not mere tradesmen or sheep are all for debunking and bravery in criticism. But about the time of the publication of *A room of one's own* Mrs. Woolf suddenly became an Olympian. And now she has published *Three Guineas* and I do not suppose any male (certainly no female) critic will find a fault in it. Assuredly not as prose. Probably not as sense. In so far as it takes the form of a tract and is intended as a guide to women in their careers and philosophy of life, there might be joints in its harness visible to an eagle-eyed knight. For Woman, as Mrs. Woolf sees her to-day, has hailed her emancipation too soon. She has escaped from "the patriarchal system; the private house with its nullity, its immorality, its hypocrisy, its servility," only to fall into the "professional system with its possessiveness, its jealousy, its pugnacity, its greed." Woman has been liberated from the harem only to dance round the mulberry tree (the professional whirlpool). The gods of our professional morris dancing have feet of basest clay. Highly and expensively educated men struggling and humiliating themselves for decorations and titles and ribbons, and still basing their standards of merit on a table of precedence which was outrageous even in the days of privilege. Perhaps you



LONDON'S EARTHQUAKE: The slight tremor that shook the capital at mid-day last Saturday was sufficiently strong to record in this fashion on the seismograph Damage, however, was limited to a little broken crockery and most of the people who felt the quake were on the upper floors of tall buildings. In Northern France and Belgium, where the tremor was rather greater, some alarm was created

will find it hard to quarrel with Mrs. Woolf's argument that educated men in England are indeed a private school of peculiarly absurd, vain, spoiled and trivial little boys.

A STAY-OUT STRIKE.—

Freed from the harem, Mrs. Woolf calls to women to escape before it is too late from the professional roundabout—especially as the highest prize open to the average professional sister is not much more than £250 p.a. Woman must get out quick before she becomes as ridiculous as man. She must insist on remaining poor (which should be easy) and independent (not so easy). She must make it plain that she despises fame and honours (and most people can make a virtue of necessity). She is to refuse to worship national idols and social loyalties. She must "down tools" (a stay-out strike), and refuse to discuss, let alone to listen to men discussing, any new or old causes, political or social. Men still rule the world, still enforce a sex taboo and still as of old are profoundly silly, vain, hypocritical, and childish. And they make a deplorable mess of life for all concerned. With all this I agree. I dare not disagree with Mrs. Woolf, for I am neither young nor intellectual. But the impression remains that her tract will be depressing reading for women. For women gained their freedom from the harem and plunged into the dance round the mulberry tree—to make a saner world. And here is Mrs. Woolf telling them to throw down their weapons and sulk in their tents. In a word, to do nothing at all and do it contemptuously. To admit that they have failed in their great enterprise and that the man-made world is sillier than ever. It is. And now it will get sillier still.

HOME FROM TROUBLED WATERS: Relatives waiting to greet their menfolk as the 4,2[illegible]-ton cruiser *Capetown* was about to berth at Devonport Dockyard after an unusual eventful commission on the China station, where she has been busily engaged in protecting British interests and British nationals during the Sino-Japanese war

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—

There are two recruits to the Upper House in the Birthday Honours and two steps in the peerage. The new peers are Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith. Mr. Hugh Smith is a partner in Morgan Grenfell and the eldest son of the large family of Mr. Hugh Smith, a wharfinger highly respected in the Victorian Age. A famous branch of the great Smith family, now sub-divided for purposes of identification into Hugh Smiths, Abel Smiths and so on, Mr. Hugh Colin Smith's family revealed remarkable business ability. Four sons went into finance or business and all have succeeded enormously, while two more rose high in the Navy. Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith is Governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance and directs a number of great undertakings and is H.M. Lieutenant of Oxfordshire. Sir Josiah needs no note. The new baronets and knights are very much what might be expected. The civil and fighting services receive their customary 80 per cent. of the divide. Lord Harlech is given a well deserved reward. So, I was glad to see, was Russell Pasha, suppressor in chief of the traffic in drugs and the activities of thugs. And Mr. Kenneth Barnes receives the reward allotted to the Drama and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith the trophy reserved for the art of cricket or the cricket of art. It is all very satisfactory to all concerned, though it may not smile on Mrs. Virginia Woolf, who thinks it silly that grown men should dance for ribbons. Which in this tragic age is perhaps a reasonable contention. At least it is paradoxical that while millions are preoccupied with bombs, a few are preoccupied with baronetcies. While millions go in dread of death, cholera and starvation, a few pass sleepless nights in dread that they may miss a bit of ribbon. But so it ever must be.

A SAD SIGHT INDEED.—

Not even his dotage can excuse the speech delivered by Mr. Lloyd George recently on Milford Common. As age is reckoned to-day, seventy-five is not a great age. One knows too many men and women of ninety who talk sound sense, to forgive the gross misrepresentations and foolish blathering of an ex-Premier of seventy-five. It is bitter indeed to reflect how that meteoric demagogue threw away a reputation which might have been great and even remained great for generations. (For the truth of history is very slow to emerge.) Fabius knew better. How often in the past twenty-five years one has pressed the point. If Mr. George could have foresworn the dingy lure of publicity without power, if he had retired to his farm and irrigated his potatoes, if he had accepted the mastership of a Welch college, if . . . he could have held his tongue. It only needed a masterly silence to assure for himself a reputation for greatness which would have ranked him with Solon and Solomon among men of wisdom (for History and Truth are seldom bedfellows), and with Fabius, Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington among men of action. But he could not hold his tongue—demagogues are all tongue—and behold—he is just an old party talking drivel through his hat to a small audience of tittering idlers. Oh, what a fall is here! The Limehouse and the Stafford speeches have one thing in common—gross misrepresentation of fact. But the Limehouse misrepresentation had *fire* in it. And was not Mr. George a leader at Versailles?

BATTLE OF ABINGDON STREET.

—The battle of Abingdon Street is suddenly raging and in the smoke of battle the various corps engaged on either side are obscured. I cannot make head or tail of it. All I know is that we men of taste, education and breeding must not pursue a policy of non-intervention. We have got to intervene to save John Vardy's old houses in Palace Yard and period houses in Abingdon Street from destruction perpetrated to clear a space for displaying a statue of George V. No statue of George V is justified unless it be *first-rate* work, and not even a first-rate statue could justify the destruction of still good houses in this area. The battle of the rival arbiters of taste is raging and their banners are all mixed up, like those of political bodies in any Central European country. There is the "small scheme" party led by the Fine Arts Commission whose proposals would save £100,000 for playing fields. There is the executive committee of the Memorial Fund which advocates a statue facing the House of Lords. This possibly is the same as the general committee commanded by Generals Lord Macmillan and Cantuar. Ranged against the executive committee is the Amenities Group of Both Houses which appears to take *our* view of "hands-off John Vardy" and to back and be backed by the Fine Artist Rifles. Then there is a guerilla band known as the Georgian Group (with G.H.Q. at 27, Abingdon Street), which is fighting tooth and nail against something and somebody; and Sir Philip Sassoon, who is concerned with the political issue; and there is also a minority camp in the amenities group commanded by General Lord Ullswater. Is that all quite clear? Our job is to insist that the Fine Arts Commission direct Parliamentary approval of the final scheme, which is to combine preservation of Vardy with artistic super-excellence and economy.

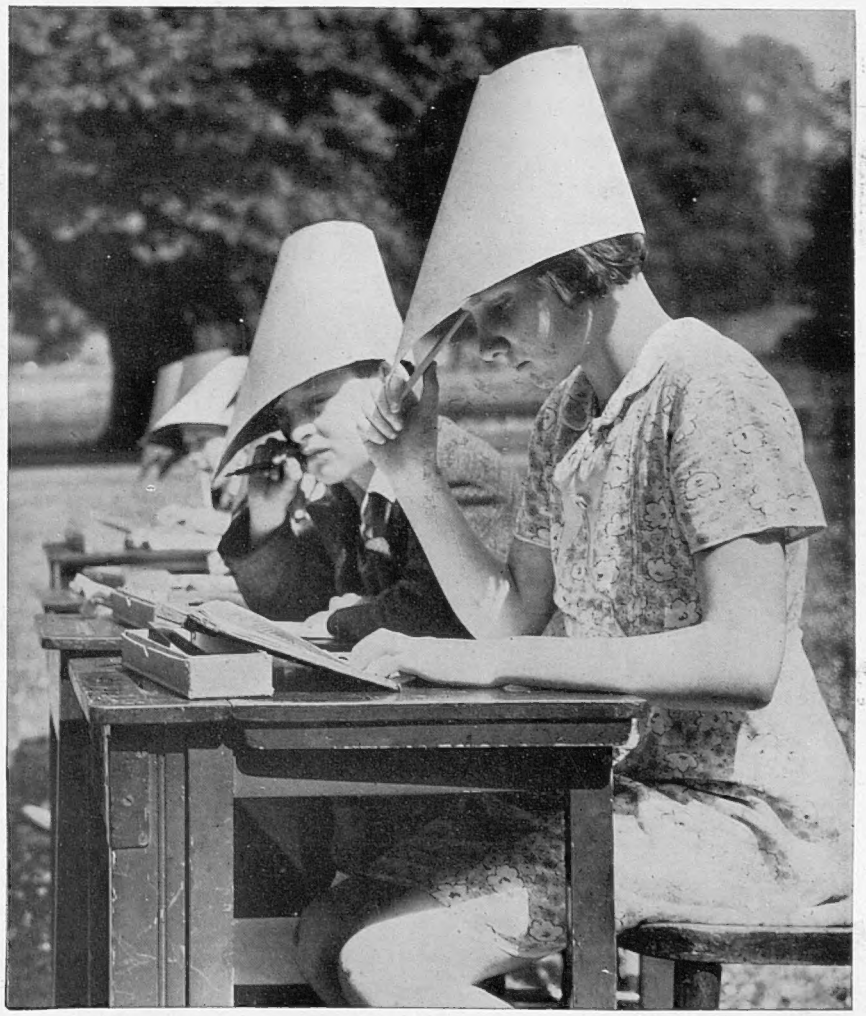
FIRST TEST.—

What a match of records the first Test provided. The sun shone on England for two vital days. The two proven Olympians, old and young (Hammond and Edrich), conveniently failed, and the other four star batsmen each made their century or double century, while Ames fitly achieved his quota for batsman No. 7. 658 for 8. I hate records; they spoil cricket; in this innings England broke most of them. Then we took the field and got three wickets cheaply—for 138 for 3 is cheap enough on these standards, especially when the wickets are those of Bradman, Brown, and Fingleton. Then came McCabe, whose superb innings turned the tables and made a draw almost inevitable. The chance of the miracle inspired a few optimists. I am not sure we have much to thank modern groundsmen for, whose genius makes it almost impossible to finish a match in four full days of cricket. For even Test cricket is still classed as a game in modern dictionaries.

"PEERS ON THE PITCH."

—What about Lord Ebbisham? He is seventy. He has led and still leads a very busy life, but cricket is in his blood; it is his first and last and only love in his sphere of activities. He still captains the Lords and Commons XI, quite often still takes 100 wickets in a season, and the other day did the hat trick, not for the first time. Now, septuagenarian batsmen are not so rare, even septuagenarian - peer - batsmen. Remember Lord Harris. But septuagenarian bowlers are almost unknown. Lord Ebbisham has a delivery so easy as to laugh at anno domini. He gently tosses the ball into the air following three or four slow paces to the crease. To schoolboys (and others) he is as fatal as, proverbially, was the lobster. For many years I used to raise an I Zingari XI to play against Radley, and Sir Rowland Blades (as he then was) once or twice honoured us. Once he played very soon after his term as Lord Mayor of London. After his first wicket—the school batting first—there was a cry from the pavilion: "Bowler's name." By preconcerted plan, we roared back: "Lord Mayor of London Town." And the school scorer, with doubt in his heart, conceded the improbable and wrote it down reluctantly.

THE OLD STAGER

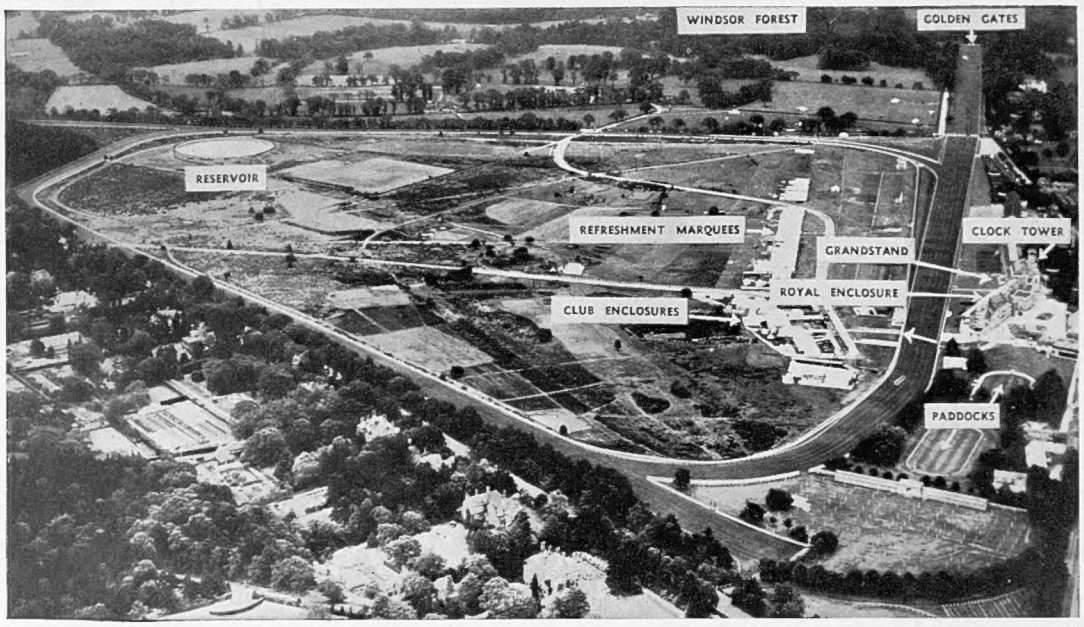


SUN BRINGS OUT THE PAPER "HELMETS" IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, where the youngsters at the open-air school find they need protection from the heat while doing their lessons

HIGHLIGHTS OF ASCOT WEEK :

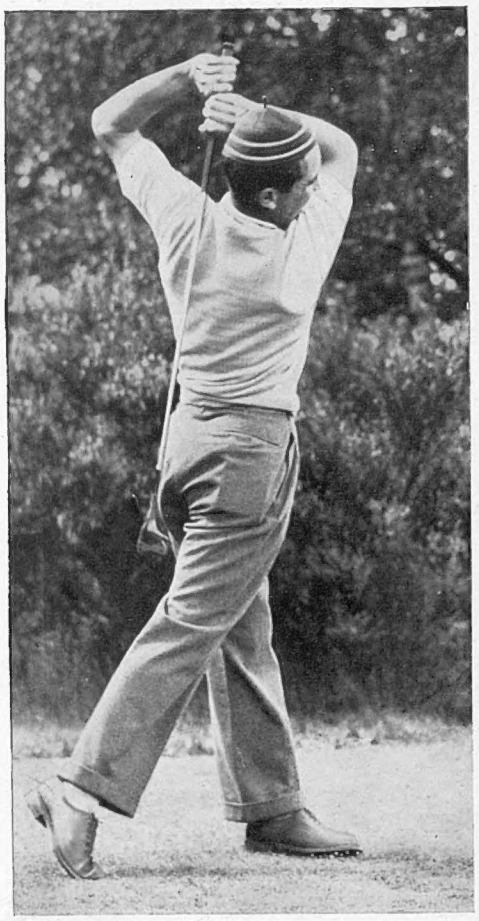
Racegoers Leave for the Royal Meeting : The Duchess of Norfolk Has a Baby Girl : A Staggering Fashion Innovation

LONDONERS LEAVE FOR ASCOT : Grey toppers well to the fore in the fashionable crowd waiting at Waterloo to catch the special trains that took them to the Royal meeting on Tuesday morning

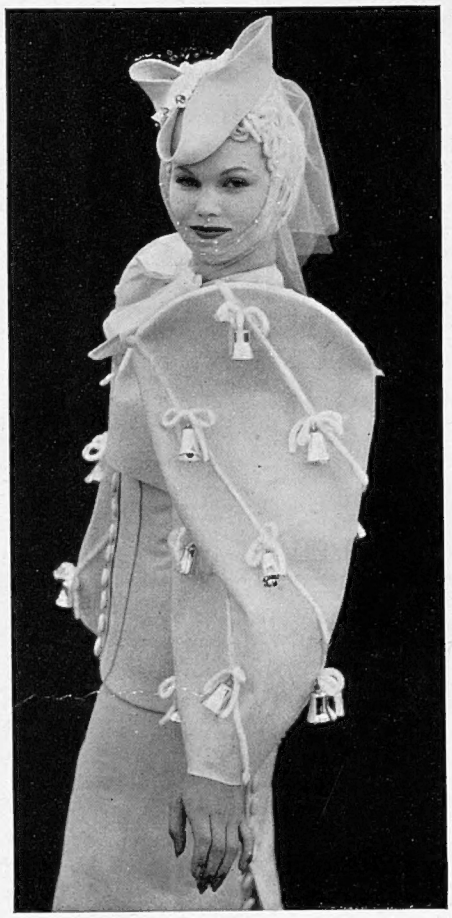


THE "GARDEN PARTY" RACECOURSE : An overhead view of the famous Ascot track where for four days this week the cream of Britain's thoroughbreds have raced for prize money totalling £80,000. In the far distance are the golden gates through which the King and Queen enter as they start the processional drive up the course, and on the right are the stands ranged at an angle in order to give spectators the best possible view of the racing. In charge of the course is 84-year-old Lieut.-Col. Sir Gordon Carter, the King's representative

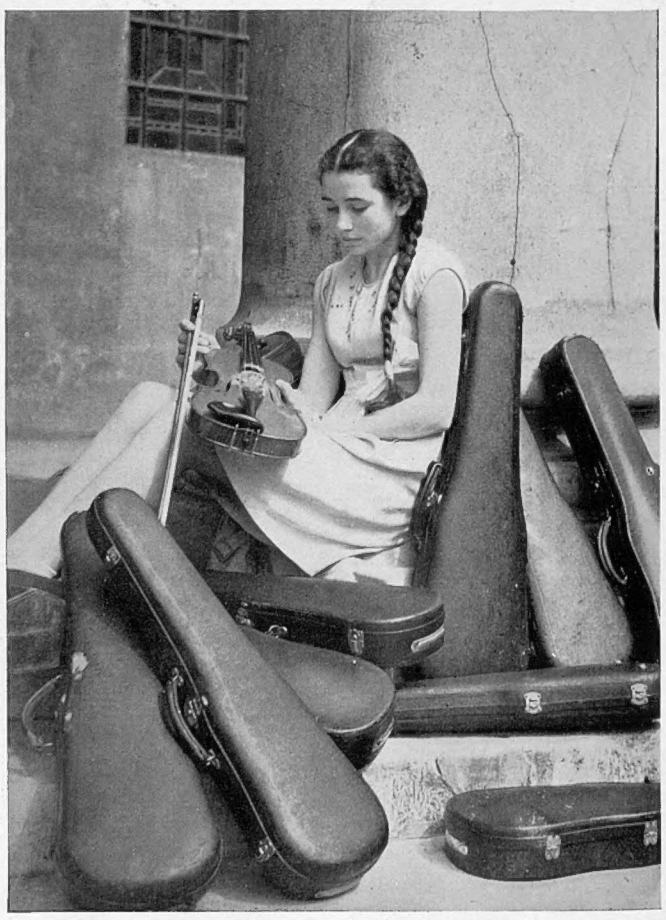
A GIRL FOR THE HOUSE OF HOWARD : The Duke of Norfolk with his Duchess who last Sunday gave birth to a daughter at her London house in Belgrave Square. They were married in January 1937. The Duchess is the daughter of the 3rd Lord Belper



HEADGEAR POUR LA GOLF : Jacque St.-Sauveur in his woollen hat which made him a conspicuous figure in the golf match played between England and France over the week-end on the Old Course at Sunningdale, Berks



"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC . . .": Bunny Walters, 6 ft. 3 in. show girl from Grosvenor House, wearing a striking fashion, consisting of a waist-length wool jacket adorned with bells, which tinkle melodiously



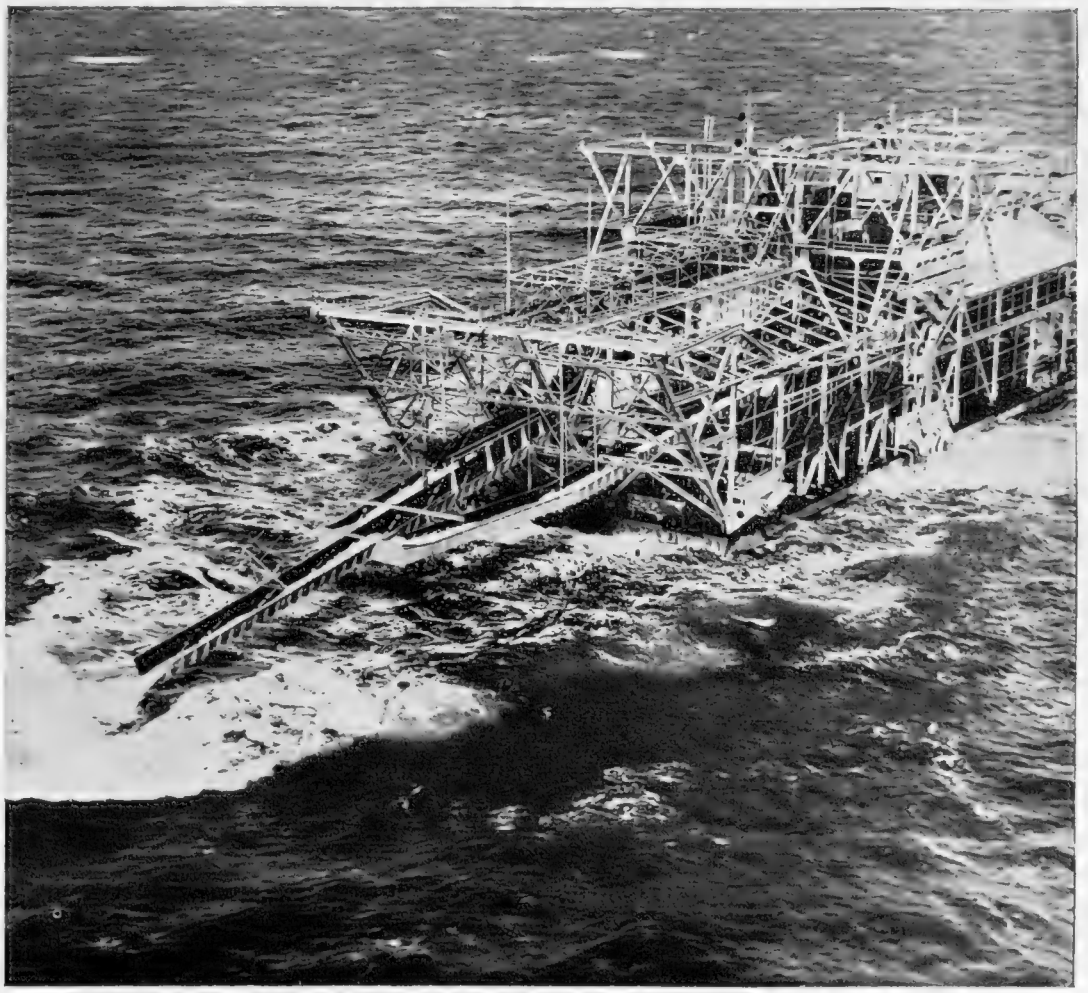
MUSICALLY-MINDED YOUTH : Mildred Marks, who hails from the Newport Road School, Aldershot, looking after violins for her schoolfellows outside the Queen's Hall, where youngsters from all parts of the country forgathered the other day to show their prowess in the Ninth Annual Schools Orchestra Festival

A SPHERE SURVEY

VESUVIUS ACTIVE: This dramatic picture, showing the dread Neapolitan volcano belching forth clouds of molten lava, was recently taken by a member of a party of British tourists who had the experience of being near the central cone just as a minor eruption took place. They had to retreat with some rapidity, but found time to record the remarkable scene. Of recent months Vesuvius has shown a distinct increase in activity. The last big eruption occurred thirty-two years ago

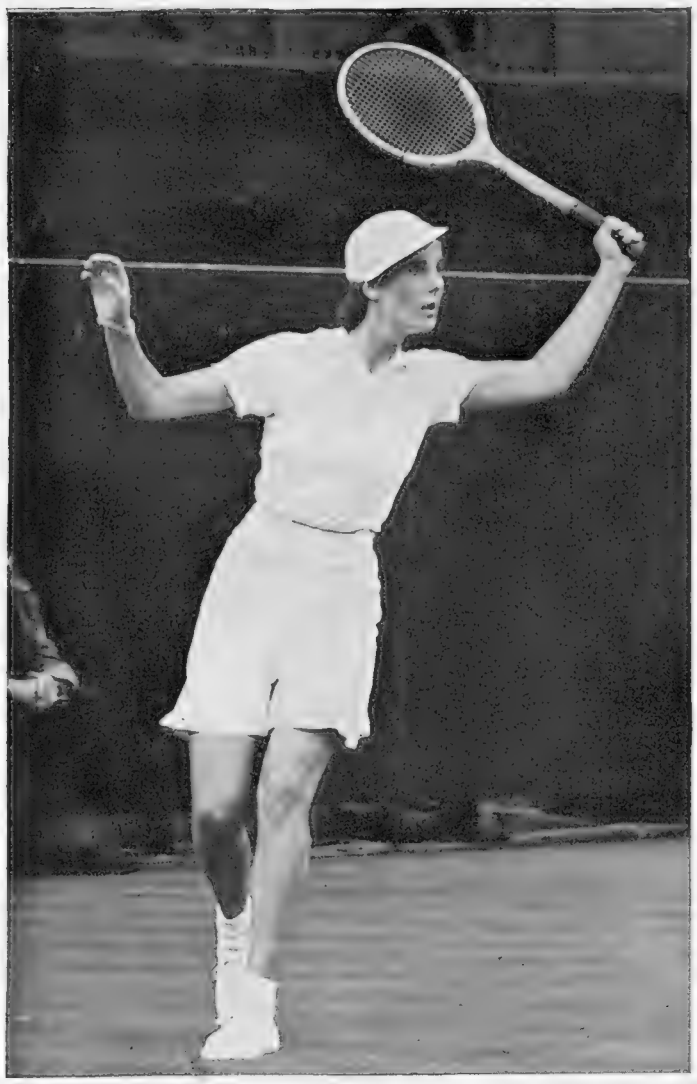
CANTON'S "RAIN" OF TERROR: A wall torn from the side of a brick-built house in this southern Chinese city, against which the Japanese bombers have lately been delivering attack after attack in an attempt to shatter the morale of the inhabitants. Large areas of Canton have been levelled to the ground and last week one series of raids continued for forty-eight hours without cessation. Power stations were repeatedly put out of action and the sirens were silenced

THE FLORIDA KIDNAPPING: A citizens' posse engaged in beating the undergrowth in the neighbourhood of Princeton when searching for clues round the spot where Mr. James Cash, Senr., left 10,000 dollars as ransom for his five-year-old son, James, Jnr., who was kidnapped last month. The boy's body has since been found and a youth named Franklin McCall has admitted to having had a hand in the affair. *Below*—The hut where the ransom note was left

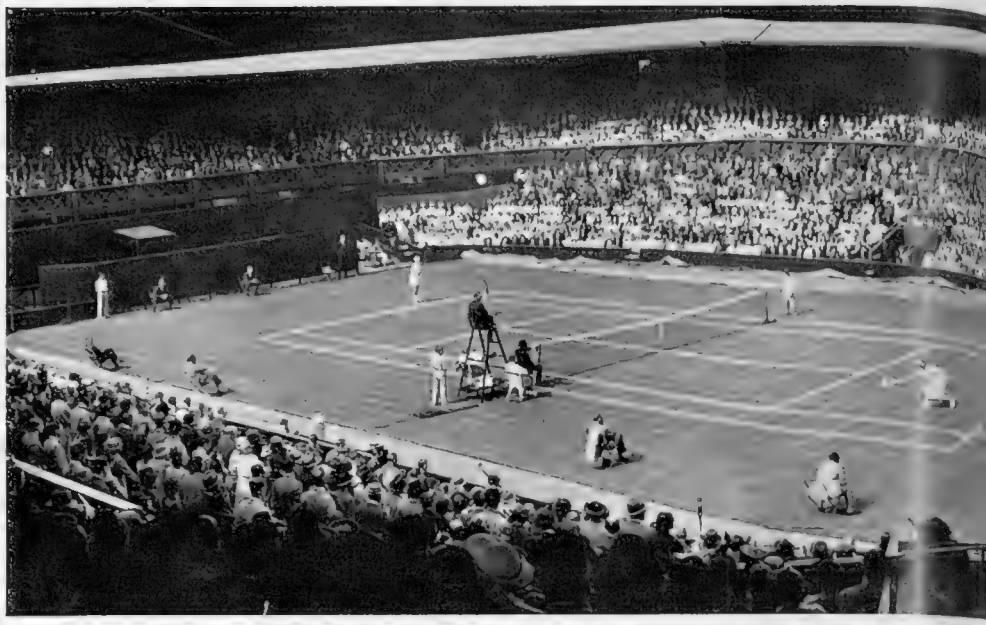


SALVING THE "LUTINE'S" GOLD: The world's largest tin dredger, the *Karimata*, at work off the island of Terschelling at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee, where last week she started the task of attempting to bring to the surface treasure from the 138-year-old wreck of the British frigate, *Lutine*. The *Karimata* is equipped with 130 scoops of hard steel, and with these it is believed she can smash through the wreckage to a depth of 90 ft. At the time of writing the only find has been a Spanish silver coin of the reign of Don Carlos IV, dated 1789

THE WIGHTMAN CUP: British Lawn Losing Battle



KAY STAMMERS STAGES A COME BACK: The British star watching the direction of a shot when in play against Alice Marble in the first match of the Wightman Cup contest. Kay won in convincing style and, although in the end Britain failed to regain the trophy by five matches to two, our players put up creditable performances. On the second day Miss Stammers played Mrs. Moody, capturing a set from the Californian by adroit drop shots and by deep sliced drives which, pitching near the lines with brilliant accuracy, left her adversary standing. Between the second and third sets, however, rain intervened and when the players came back on the court it was Mrs. Moody who dominated the game on a wet surface. The English girl (*as depicted on right*) put on heavy socks over her shoes



THE MATCH OF THE MEETING: A general view of the centre court as Britain's Kay Stammers and America's Helen Wills Moody (right) fought their thrilling duel in last week's Wightman Cup contest, when the United States retained the trophy by five matches to two. Miss Stammers' play was a revelation, and many there were if rain had not inter American a chance to refused to yield without a

WHEN RAIN INTERVENED: Covers being pulled over the Centre Court as a heavy shower held up the match between Kay Stammers and Alice Marble. *On right*—A striking study of Mrs. Helen Wills Moody in action

THE TEST MATCH: England's Big Score in the Drawn Game

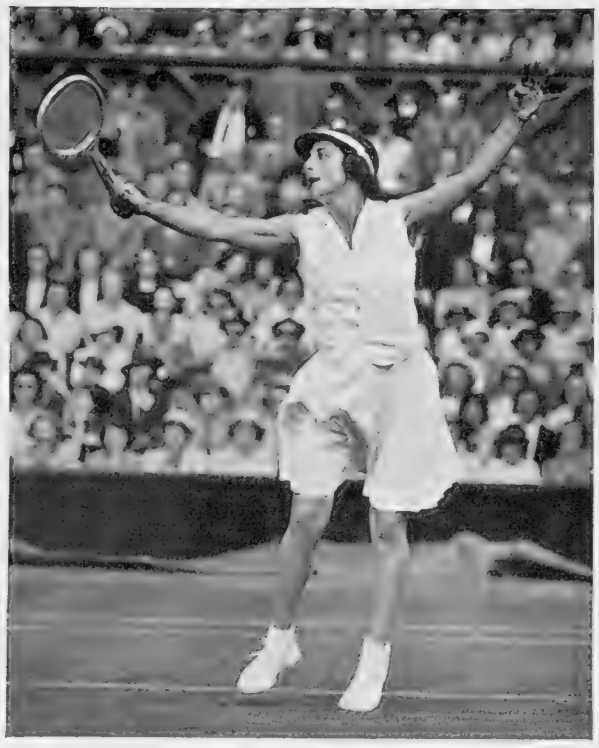
START OF THE TEST SERIES: McCormick, Australia's speed merchant, bowling to Barnett, England's No. 2, in one of the first overs of the game at Nottingham, when our men compiled the gigantic total of 658 for eight wickets and set Bradman's team a really formidable task. Barnett scored a brilliant 126, hitting all round the wicket with immense power

HUTTON DEALS WITH McCORMICK: England's No. 1 in play against the Australian fast bowler. He scored exactly 100 runs and thus had the distinction of joining that select band of players who have made a century on their first test appearance. Despite his inexperience he was quite unawed by the big occasion, and his well-nigh perfect stroke production was a real delight to watch. In Hutton England has clearly found an ideal man to open the innings

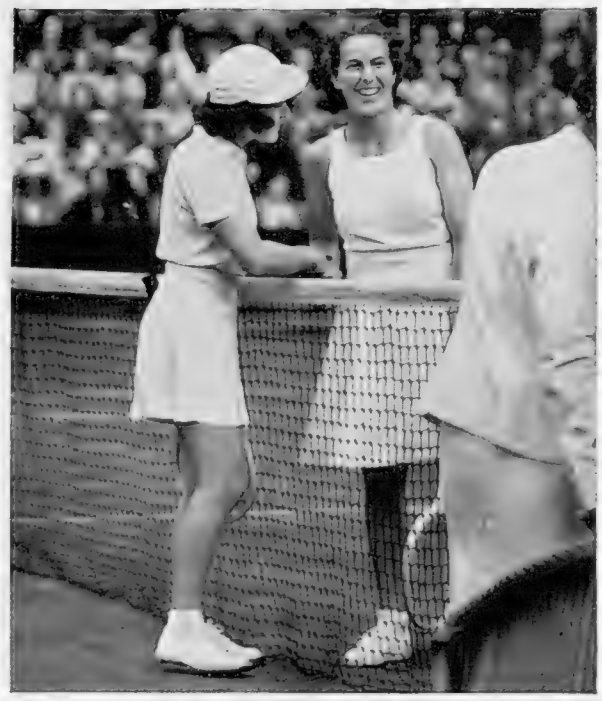
MIDDLESEX'S YOUNG HOPE BOWLED BY O'REILLY: Edrich, who went in first wicket down, looks ruefully on his broken wicket after being dismissed by a googly when his score was 5. It was not his lucky day, and it has to be remembered that he had the strain of waiting in the pavilion with his pads on while the long opening partnership compiled 219 runs

Tennis Stars Fight a Gallant but Against America at Wimbledon

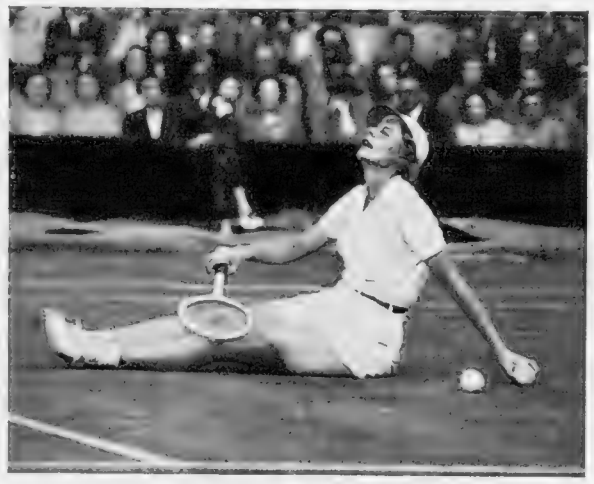
who thought she would have driven her way to victory vened after the second set, giving the hard-pressed recover. Even as the end drew near Miss Stammers bitter struggle, saving match balls with fighting strokes



AMERICA'S BEST: Helen Wills Moody, a veteran by lawn tennis standards, revealed in her Wightman Cup matches that she is still a claimant to World No. 1 ranking



"A THREE SETTER": Mrs. Fabyan (nearest camera), America's No. 3, being congratulated by Miss Lumb after their match, which the former won by 5—7, 6—2, 6—3

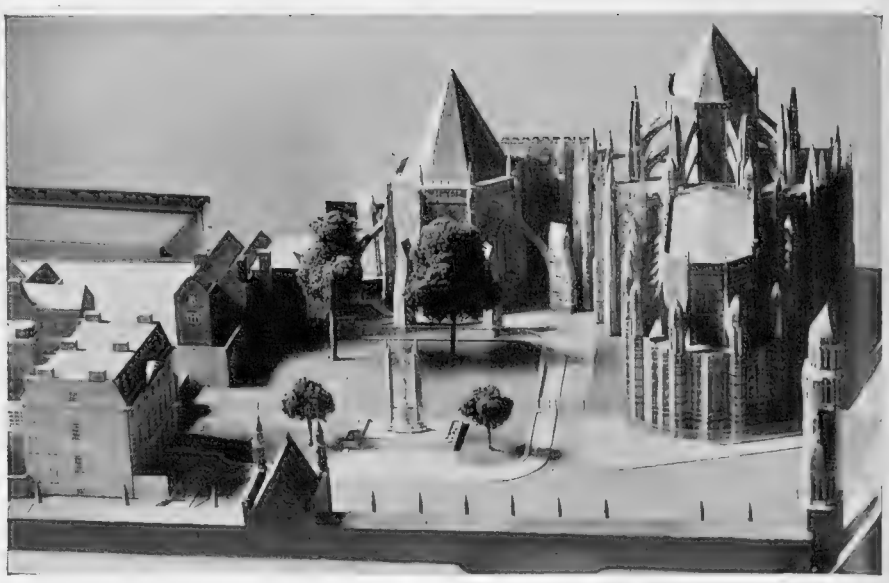


THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESENTS THE TROPHY: Handing the Cup to Mrs. Wightman, non-playing captain of the U.S. team. *On left*—Alice Marble comes down with a big bump while playing Peggy Scriven, whom she beat

ENGLISH JUBILATION: Wicket-keeper Ames (5th from left) catching Brown off Farnes' bowling to dismiss him for 48 at the start of Australia's first innings when Bradman's men were faced with the colossal task of compiling 658 runs in order to get on terms. But for McCabe's courageous 232 their situation would have been black indeed

WELL STOPPED: Fingleton getting down to a ball on hands and knees, cleverly saving an almost certain boundary. The fielding on both sides was first-rate, Hammond and Bradman, the two captains, and perhaps the two best fielders in the world to-day, setting the example by their alert anticipation. Hammond, in particular, was brilliant at first slip, and it was there in Australia's second innings that he caught Fingleton

WHEN ENGLAND DECLARED: The crowd invaded the field to watch Paynter, undefeated with 216 runs to his credit, return to the pavilion with the Australian fieldsmen after we had reached the mammoth total of 658 for eight wickets. The Australians had stuck manfully to their task, but must have found our long innings something of an ordeal as it drew to a close. They then replied with a score of 411



THE GEORGE V MEMORIAL

Westminster Site Controversy Settled

This week the executive committee of the King George V Memorial Fund decided not to proceed with what had become known as the larger scheme for the memorial at Westminster, which, as envisaged in the painting (*above on left*), would have involved the destruction of much property of considerable architectural interest in Abingdon Street and Old Palace Yard, but would have revealed to the eye the Chapter House, the Jewel Tower, and the fourteenth-century wall of the Abbey precincts. Instead, a smaller scheme (*above on right*), advocated by the Royal Fine Art Commission, has been decided upon. The site is in the square bounded on three sides by the Chapter House, the Abbey, and Old Palace Yard, and may be said to be a definite compromise

LIGHT ON A DARK CORNER OF ARABIA

A Survey of British Motives in the Aden Protectorate, where Our Actions have of Late been a Subject of Foreign Criticism

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

CONSIDERABLE surprise was experienced by the man in the street when in the recently signed Anglo-Italian agreement he read of provisions made for south-west and southern Arabia. He was unaware that for months previously a stream of criticism of British doings in that part of the world, and particularly in the Hadhramaut, had been poured out by continental presses and wireless, and also by the Arabic press. All he knew was that Aden itself had been conquered by the British nearly a hundred years ago, used as a coaling station, and that for certain of the neighbouring territories Great Britain since that date had assumed some measure of control. Between Aden Settlement as such and the Aden Protectorate he generally failed to distinguish.

Recently, however, this matter has come into some prominence. The report has been spread that, in dead secret and with the use of the most "hush-hush" methods, Great Britain is coolly annexing hundreds of square miles of hitherto independent Arab territory in southern Arabia, and that she is employing the Royal Air Force to facilitate such a conquest. These rumours have found echo in questions in the House of Commons.

But the boundaries of the Aden Protectorate have not been and are not being altered by the British. Not all its frontiers are definitely de-limited, but, roughly speaking, the coast line of the Protectorate begins, in the west, from Ras Murad, opposite the island of Perim, and runs eastwards to Ras Dharbat Ali, where the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman commences. In the interior the Protectorate is bounded on the west and north by the Kingdom of the Yemen and by the Rub'al Khali, the Great Southern Desert, and on the east by the Qara land, which is subject to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman.

There has been some confusion in many minds owing to the fact that whereas Aden prior to 1937 was administered by the Government of India, or, rather, by the Bombay Government, it was made in that year a Crown Colony. It therefore came directly under the British Government, and in order to regulate the administrative changes which were then necessitated an Order in Council was promulgated making the Governor of Aden Governor also of the Aden Protectorate.

That is to say, when Aden ceased, as a result of the introduction of the new regime in India, to be part of the Indian Empire, the jurisdiction in the adjacent areas hitherto exercised under the India Order in Council had to be assumed by the British Government. Hence the Aden Protectorate Order of April 1, 1937.

But why, it may be asked, have so many years elapsed in this Protectorate without direct interest being shown by the protecting power? The answer is simple. Before the advent of the aeroplane in southern Arabia the interior regions were scarcely ever visited by representatives of the protecting power. Life went on in seclusion, and conditions were much what they were in the Middle Ages. But the coming of the Royal Air Force meant that political officers from Aden could establish frequent contact with the interior peoples, learn their desires, and help, if possible, to satisfy their aspirations. Such towns as Shibam, Saiyun, or Terim had hardly seen a British official until some seven or eight years ago. To-day it is a matter of but a few hours' flying journey over difficult country for any consultation that may be considered necessary. In more than one area in the world the R.A.F. have been the harbingers of civilisation, but in none more notably, perhaps, than in the Aden Protectorate, so remote it was, so difficult of access, so unknown.

But it is important to realise that the air operations in the Protectorate that have taken place from time to time have no connection whatever with the Aden Protectorate Order; they have been directed, in the words of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, "solely to the maintenance of law and order, in co-operation with the local rulers."

The chief butt of the critics, both foreign and British, has been the Hadhramaut, where it is alternatively said that Great Britain has no right to be at all, or, if she has a right, she is abusing it to stifle the independence of an erstwhile happy land.

The Hadhramaut has largely been governed, or misgoverned, by two dominant dynasties, the Quaitis, based on Mukalla, and the Kathiris, based on Saiyun. Between these two there had for years been constant conflict. The Quaitis occupied the ports on the Indian Ocean and did their best to suffocate Kathiri trade. The Kathiris kept the trade routes into the interior unsafe for the Quaitis. Now the Quaiti Sultan (who attended the Coronation last year) and the Kathiri Sultan are linked with Great Britain by treaty. The Quaitis' treaty dates from 1888, when it was recognised that to "Mukalla and Shihr and their dependencies" were extended the "gracious favour and protection of Her Majesty the Queen Empress." In the Quaiti-Kathiri treaty of 1918 it was recognised that the province of Hadhramaut was one province, "the said province being an appanage of the British Empire under the Sultan of Al Shihr and Mukalla."

To suggest, therefore, that the Order in Council of 1937 confers any new powers on the British Empire is entirely inaccurate.

Where, possibly, the critics have confused the issue has been over the fact that the British could scarcely give the assistance asked for by these Sultans in the Hadhramaut without insisting on some degree of supervision. Mukalla wanted British help in constituting a force to put down anarchy in the Quaiti domain. "Excellent," said the British, "but you shall not use it merely to tyrannise over your subjects, nor to steal a march on the Kathiris." Mukalla saw the point and agreed to the conditions. The result is that Mr. W. I. Ingrams is Resident at Mukalla, and the improvement in public security is beyond belief. Similarly with the Kathiris' state. The number of malcontents in the Hadhramaut is to-day negligible.

It has been represented that this enforcement of law and order has been brutally achieved, and that the local population have submitted only because their horses have been destroyed, because their flocks have been seized, because, in short, their wherewithal has ceased. No picture could be more false.

The best commentary on those who assert that, since the direct interest of the British in the Hadhramaut, the territory has been soaked in blood, is that in two whole years, 1936 and 1937, only three people were killed and four slightly wounded. These figures were given by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons at the beginning of this month of June.

Peace to-day in the Protectorate is what it never was before. I know of two geologists who recently surveyed the land for oil (their first reports, incidentally, are unfavourable) who declared that they had never been in a more peaceful land. Practically all the leaders have declared for peace. And they eagerly await the blessings of peace, particularly better communications and the establishment of schools. There is not much money at the command of the authorities in the Hadhramaut, but already considerable things have been done. It is essential that they shall be done quickly—otherwise those who may grudgingly have submitted to law and order may claim that they are no better off under the new regime.

To sum up, Great Britain, so far from annexing any new territory, bases her whole programme in the Hadhramaut upon the autonomy of the local rulers. The Governor of Aden is also Governor of the Protectorate, truly: but that fact does not, as has been claimed, destroy local independence.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN SOUTH-WESTERN ARABIA: Three impressions of the type of country in the Aden Protectorate and the Hadhramaut; a part of the world where British doings have aroused a stream of foreign criticism based on the incorrect assumption that we are attempting to annex new territory. The Protectorate includes mountainous country of a rough and jagged character and cities which reveal buildings of an unexpected height. The view on the right shows Saiyun, a stronghold of the Kathiris

NEWS OF THE WORLD'S NAVIES

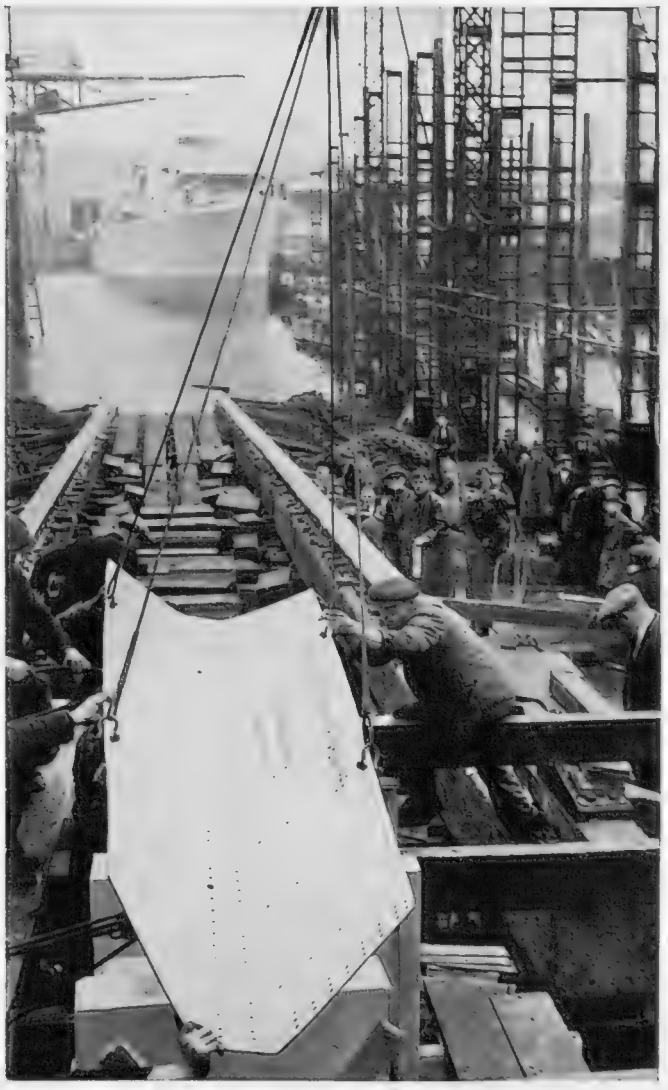
French Warships at Exercise : America's Latest "Carrier" Commissioned

A NEW ADDITION TO AMERICA'S BIGGER AND BETTER NAVY: Fighter planes soaring in salute over the aircraft-carrier *Enterprise* as she was about to put to sea on being commissioned for the first time at Norfolk, Virginia. The *Enterprise*, which was laid down in October, 1936, has a displacement of nearly 20,000 tons, a complement of 2,070, and accommodation for just over 100 aircraft

SOARING FROM THE FLIGHT DECK: A plane leaving the 22,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Béarn* during the recent manœuvres of the French fleet in the Atlantic. The *Béarn* was laid down in 1914 as a battleship of the Normandie class, but in 1923-27 she was re-designed for her present function, being given a flight deck 600 ft. long

VETERANS WITH A NEW LEASE OF LIFE: Looking from the deck of the aircraft-carrier *Béarn* towards the three French sister battleships, *Lorraine*, *Bretagne*, and *Provence*, which were all built under the 1912 programme at a cost of nearly £3,000,000 each, but are now thoroughly up-to-date units, having been extensively re-fitted of recent years and given new 13.4-in. guns. This picture was taken recently when the French fleet was engaged in manœuvres in the Atlantic

NEW DESTROYERS FOR THE NEW WORLD: *Above*—The sister ships *Rowan* and *Stack* in the Navy Yard dry-dock at Portsmouth, Virginia, as they were christened in a dual ceremony. They belong to the Maury class, and will probably be completed towards the end of next summer. *Right*—Men engaged in adjusting the keel-plate of a new Brazilian destroyer as it was laid down by Mrs. José Neiva, wife of the chief of the Brazilian Naval Commission in Europe, at the Cowes yard of J. Samuel White and Co. Most of the Brazilian warships have their origin in Britain, including the 19,200-ton battleship *Sao Paulo* and her sister ship, *Minas Geraes*



HOW CZECHOSLOVAKIA ACHIEVED STATEHOOD

The Dramatic Story of the Foundation of the New Republic Told in Pictures

THE START OF A CHAPTER: This bottle, with its coded instructions, was sent by Professor Masaryk, who in the war years worked ceaselessly in Europe for the independence of Czechoslovakia, to the police chief of Prague, a member of the organisation pledged to defy Austria and unite the Czech and Slovak peoples as a single nation

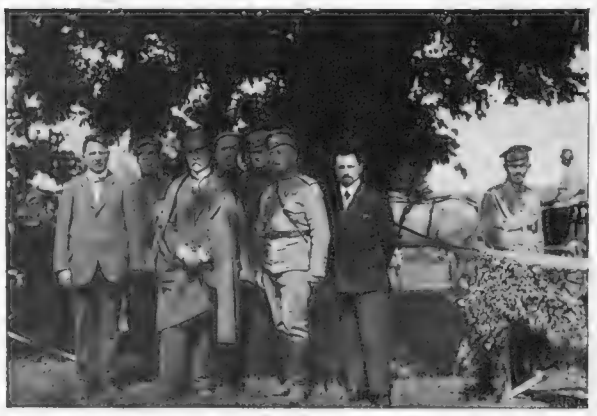
CZECHED! Czech prisoners playing chess in the Prague garrison prison after they had been arrested at the beginning of the war by Austrian military officials, who feared, and with good grounds, an organised revolt against the imperial regime and an attempt to establish an independent republic

GUIDING GENIUS: Dr. Benes, to-day President of Czechoslovakia, as he was during the war when he headed the Czechoslovak Council in Paris, a body which in July, 1918, came to be recognised by the Allies as the *de facto* provisional government of the new Czechoslovak state

THEY RALLIED TO THE CAUSE: These Czech and Slovakian residents in the United States, pictured in their training camp at Stamford, Connecticut, were among the many who determined to help the land of their birth shake off the Austrian yoke and, in the closing years of the war, they fought with the utmost valour on the Western front

WITH THE CZECHOSLOVAK LEGIONS IN ITALY: General Stefanik, later to be the first War Minister of the Czechoslovak republic, inspecting legionaries. The bulk of these men had surrendered to the Allies, against whom they were at first compelled to fight by their Austrian masters

JOY DAY IN PRAGUE: Enthusiastic crowds cheering Czechoslovak troops as they marched through the city on October 28, 1918, after the crumbling Austro-Hungarian Government had recognised the rights of the Czechoslovaks and the new republic had come into being with the National Council's issue of a proclamation of independence



PROFESSOR MASARYK IN RUSSIA: The leader of the independence movement (centre) in the Ukraine in 1917 during his visit to the Russian Armies with which the Czechoslovak legion was rendering yeoman service. *Below*—PHILADELPHIA, October 26, 1918: Professor Masaryk signing the document proclaiming the independence of Czechoslovakia. Two days later the Prague Government fell

RETURN OF THE LIBERATOR: The scene at the frontier as Professor Masaryk, the statesman who had worked with such unflagging zeal during the war years for the Czechoslovak cause, was received by members of the Prague National Council, who had brought the new republic into being. *Below*—Masaryk's triumphal entry into Prague

IN these days when Czechoslovakia, the young republic carved from the wreck of the dual monarchy, is in the midst of crisis, it is apposite to recall the dramatic story of her emergence and the part the late President Masaryk, who died last September, and the present President, Dr. Benes, played in securing the independence of the Slovaks and regaining the independence of the Czechs who in 1620 had lost their freedom at the battle of the White Mountain.

The accompanying pictures, forming a valuable chronological record, tell the story from 1914, when Austria began hostilities against Serbia against the will of the Czechs and Slovaks, to 1919 when Professor Masaryk drove in triumph into Prague as first president of the new republic.

One of the best accounts of these dramatic years was penned by Professor Masaryk himself. He wrote:—

"When in July, 1914, Austria began hostilities against Serbia, thus bringing about the world war, this act of aggression took place against the will of the Czechs and Slovaks, at that time subject to Austrian and Hungarian rule respectively. Open protest or organised revolt, however, was impossible owing to the proximity and indeed the presence in overwhelming numbers of German and Hungarian troops, who were expressly garrisoned among the Czech population in order to stifle any possible outburst of national and pro-Ally sentiment. Whenever opinions did happen to be expressed which could be construed as criticism of Austria or Germany the offenders were speedily punished, and it was not long before the political leaders of the Czechs and Slovaks found themselves in confinement, some of them under sentence of death, while the Czech and Slovak press was subjected to a rigorous censorship.

"Meanwhile the Czechs, who were as Austrian subjects obliged to serve in the Austrian army, lost no opportunity of passing over to the Allies. Of 70,000 prisoners taken by Serbia early in the war 35,000 were Czechs. Of these 32,000 perished during the Serbian retreat or died of fever or cholera. The remnant, 3,000 in number, proceeded to France and there joined the Czechoslovak legions already fighting on the French front. Of a total of 600,000 Czech troops in the Austrian army over one-half surrendered to the Allies. In Russia a Czechoslovak legion was formed at the outset of the war, and later this grew into a regular army which by 1918 numbered 100,000 men.

"The self-sacrificing valour of the Czechoslovak legions on the French, Italian and Russian fronts, the activities of the emigré Czechs and Slovaks in foreign lands, and the work of the Czechoslovak Council with its headquarters in Paris, moved the Allies to acknowledge the last-named body as the *de facto* provisional government of the Czechoslovak state. On July 13, 1918, a Czechoslovak National Council, representing all parties, was formed at Prague as a complement to the National Council already existing in Paris. This was the first direct step taken at home towards the establishment of the new state.

"On August 9, 1918, the British Government issued the following declaration:—

"'Since the beginning of the war the Czechoslovak nation has resisted the common enemy by every means in its power. The Czechoslovaks have constituted a considerable army, fighting on three different battle-fields and attempting, in Russia and Siberia, to arrest the Germanic invasion. In consideration of their efforts to achieve independence, Great Britain regards the Czechoslovaks as an Allied nation and recognises the unity of the three Czechoslovak armies as an Allied and belligerent army waging a regular warfare against Austria-Hungary and Germany. . . .'

"This declaration materially helped to seal the fate of Austria, and implicitly recognised Czechoslovak independence as an accomplished fact. France and Italy, by accepting the assistance of Czechoslovak legions on the French and Italian fronts, had already practically acknowledged Czechoslovakia's claims (Briand, 1916). In the first week of September, 1918, the United States of America and Japan issued declarations practically endorsing the British declaration. On October 14, 1918, the Czechoslovak National Council was constituted as a provisional government with

(*Continued on page* 632)

SPAIN, FRANCE, AND THE CIVIL WAR

New Pictures, mostly from the Pyrenean Frontierland

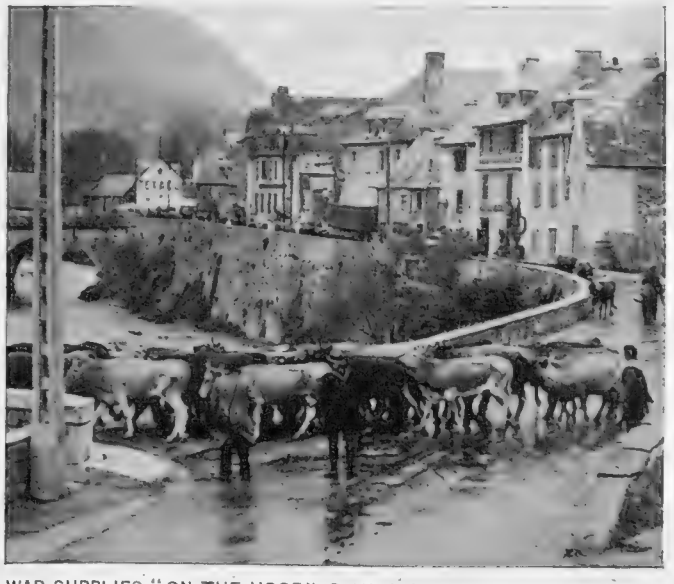
WORLD OPINION ROUSED: A scene in the little Catalan town of Granollers after insurgent planes had bombed it with terrible effect, 200 people being killed while 500 were injured. A building in the foreground has evidently suffered severely—the keyboard of a piano is lying disconsolately on a heap of brick and rubble

INSURGENT BOMBERS OVER FRANCE: The Chateau d'Orgeix, near Perpignan, which was damaged by bombs when nine of Franco's planes crossed the Pyrenean border with the object of cutting the sole remaining railway link between France and government-held Spain

BACK FROM THE WARS: These young men, all of them hailing either from Canada or the United States, have been fighting in the International Brigade against the Spanish insurgents, and have just arrived in Paris following their discharge from service on account of wounds

NO ENVIABLE TASK: French coastguards keeping watch at a point near the Franco-Spanish frontier. With insurgent war vessels lying in wait in these waters for gun-runners and food ships this is indeed a troubled part of the Mediterranean these days

ANDORRA IN THE NEWS: The main square of the diminutive republic's capital, with French Garde Mobile in evidence. Fighting is now going on in the vicinity of Andorra and the people are fearful of becoming involved, as it is known that General Franco looks with no favourable eye on the French influence as represented by the semi-military police force which is now stationed there



WAR SUPPLIES "ON THE HOOF": Cattle being driven through the town of Arreau, France, when on their way from one part of government-held Spain to another. As the government territory is now divided in two there is no other course but to send them this roundabout way

ALL THE WORLD TAKES

How Other Countries are Organising their Defences Against Air Attack—

STOCKHOLM REHEARSAL: An anti-aircraft gun drawn up outside the Parliament House for air-raid exercises, which are being held regularly in Sweden who, despite her traditional neutrality, is fully alive to European dangers

WOMEN PLAY THEIR PART: With her steel helmet, neat plus fours, and heavy boots this Stockholm girl, belonging to the "second line" fire brigade, has an air of efficiency as she stands ready to turn on a hydrant during air-raid exercises

SEARCHING THE HEAVENS: Men of the 62nd ing their gun on the "enemy" when en in the New York area. America, despite her

REALISM IN SWEDEN: Artillerymen using an anti-aircraft gun in the course of a battle on the outskirts of Stockholm. Dynamite charges placed in the ground and released at intervals gave added realism

PREPARING FOR A BLACK-OUT: A Stockholm engine-driver placing shields over his headlights as zero hour was approaching

STEEL-HELMETED CITIZENS OF ZURICH receiving final instructions before going on duty during the recent black-out in the city when air-raid defences were tested out in conditions approximating to those likely to be encountered in war time

TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO WEARING GAS-MASKS in unusual positions and while undergoing strenuous exertion these U.S. army men stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, play a game of "softball"

RENDING THE NIGHT SKY: An anti-aircraft mimic air raid in which the "enemy" States, it would seem, are being strengthened the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards with

UP A.R.P.

Elaborate Measures in America

Regiment Anti-Aircraft Artillery train-gaged in air-raid defence practice isolation, is leaving nothing to chance

AN ANTI-BLACK-OUT EXPEDIENT: This spectacular string of flares was released by "raiding planes" in order to locate objectives during the U.S. army aerial manœuvres on the eastern seaboard. The use of these flares in war time would be a definitely menacing factor, and there is no doubt it would counter to a large extent the effect of a lights-out order. *On right* — A dramatic pyrotechnic display above Farmingdale, Long Island, as bombers dropped flares to ascertain the exact position of their objectives

un firing from the Seversky Airport, Farmingdale, Long Island, in the course of the bjectives were the Farmingdale aircraft factories. Air-raid defences in the United gainst the possibly not distant day when bombers will have sufficient range to reach heir deadly loads, creating havoc in towns and cities at the moment secure

FOG OF WAR: A smoke screen being raised round the big power station at Gothenburg, Sweden. As it stands in a fully exposed position on a hillside and would be an easy mark for enemy bombers to put out of action in time of war, such an expedient as this would be well-nigh essential to save it from destruction

The FATE *of* TRIESTE

What Germany's Annexation of Austria Means to Italy's Third Port

WHAT does the future hold for Trieste in the light of the *anschluss*?

After the annexation of Austria, German newspapers announced that Vienna had become the "Hamburg of the south," and Göring declared that a fine new harbour and docks would be built to accommodate more and more Danube traffic between the Reich and the Balkans. The future Vienna would be clamorous with the sound of great industries. Was not the Rhine-Main-Danube canal already in hand?

Hamburg is on the sea. Why not Vienna too? That question was being bandied about in Trieste several weeks ago, and it is still in the air. For several days after the *anschluss* the most persistent rumour ran about the town that German troops might be expected in Trieste at almost any time.

A hundred miles westward, in Italian Tyrol, the idea became so general that not a small number of German-speaking "Italians" found themselves in gaol for having expressed it with public fervour. They were acting, as an old Triestine whose daughter had been at Cortian in those days put it to me, "as if the blooming country was theirs."

When the half-expected did not happen, everyone congratulated himself, felt very Italian—and then began to realise that, even if saved from violation, Trieste had been struck a mortal blow. Some idea of the nervousness felt for Italy's third port may be gathered from the fact that the newspapers almost at once came out with reassuring articles predicting "a secure future". A writer in the *Corriere della Sera* declared: "Serene confidence is permissible...", and went on to dilate upon the geographical convenience of the Italian port. He made no mention of Trieste's steady eclipse since the war.

This sort of thing is making Triestines laugh and cry, according to their temperament. They wait anxiously to hear whether Mussolini has settled their fate with Hitler, who they well realise is the arbiter of the situation. They have little faith in the results of the Rome meeting, for Mussolini promised to visit them after the *anschluss* and he has not visited them.

Facts justify their pessimism. For the time being all traffic between Austria and Trieste has been suspended and the port lies empty and deserted. In 1937 the total railway freight through Trieste amounted to about 22,000,000 quintals. Of this figure 12,000,000 came through Austria, 7,500,000 being from Austria itself and the remaining 4,500,000 from Czechoslovakia. On the second day of the *anschluss* Berlin prohibited the further export of Austrian timber and magnesite, and all contracts were cancelled. For Trieste this means a dead loss of from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 quintals per year in freight carriage.

Negotiations for the continuance of the "Adriatic tariff," which gave special railway rates to goods brought into Trieste from the north, are now being carried on in Rome. If for any reason the Reich refuse their continuance, or, on the other hand, Czechoslovakia decides to place her business in non-German hands, those 4,500,000 quintals can be sent over Hungary and shipped from Fiume or Susak.

As if to seal the doom of Trieste, the formation is announced of a new Italian shipping line registered in Fiume and apparently to be called the "Fiumana." This company, in which Signor Volpi, former Finance Minister, is interested, has been formed following the liquidation of two former Trieste lines, the "Libera" and the "Adria." It has just ordered from Triestine shipyards six motor cargo vessels each of 10,000 tons. If these are not to be tramp steamers they will presumably compete with Trieste and Susak.

Trieste's carrying-trade in recent years was able to compete with Venice and Hamburg, thanks to two factors, namely, the "Adriatic tariff" and the Jewish connection between Vienna and Trieste. Germans have supplanted Viennese Jews who have lost their livelihood; presumably much the same fate is reserved for Triestine Jews. A well-known Triestine Jew travelled to Austria the other day to see how his friends had fared since the Germans arrived; when he came to Klagenfurt train guards questioned him, discovered that he was a Jew, and put him on the next train back to the frontier.

Although lacking the harbouring and handling facilities of Venice, Trieste might play a key-role in the development of a Near Eastern and Balkan carrying trade, which would combine the advantage of cheap sea freights with the avoidance of foreign carriage. The German flag has already shown itself in the port, and plans for some such development are clearly well advanced.

The Hamburg–America Line is said to be contemplating a passenger service to run between Trieste and the Far East, possibly with a branch line to South Africa. Certain it is that a German freight line, the Schuldt-Orient of Hamburg, intends, if it can get the necessary convention for loading cargo from the Italian authorities, to run a fortnightly freight service from Trieste to the Levant. The agents in Trieste are already appointed.

Basil Davidson

THE SWASTIKA FLOATS BESIDE THE GREEN, WHITE, AND RED: German and Italian flags adorning the Ostiense Station, Rome, during Hitler's recent visit when the two totalitarian leaders renewed their pledges of loyalty. How deep is this understanding it is not easy to gauge, but the problem of Trieste, discussed in an article by Basil Davidson in the left-hand column, certainly sheds a rather unexpected light on the subject

A BALKAN LAND LOOKS TO ITS BORDERS: The annexation of Austria, causing a complete re-alignment in middle Europe, particularly affects Yugoslavia, which now has Germany on 120 miles of its northern frontier. This picture was taken at a guard house during a recent tour of the frontier by the Yugoslavian General Staff

HITLER'S BIRTHPLACE TO BECOME A CITY: A glimpse of Baunau on the Inn, mecca of all good Nazis, which is to be developed on a fitting scale under the big scheme Germany has on foot for her new province

AMERICA'S JOBLESS

With Elections Drawing Near, Their Plight Becomes a Major Issue

THE jobless man has once more become the chief topic of discussion in the United States. This is not, however, because he did not exist yesterday, the day before, or six months ago. And by "exist" I mean exist as a major problem of steadily and rapidly increasing magnitude. It is because, at the forthcoming election, next November, the states will elect congressmen and senators. The best way for the New Deal congressman and senator to be re-elected is to do something about the jobless man, and the easiest thing to do about the jobless man is to talk about him. So the jobless man is again up for discussion.

Just how big is this jobless man? What is the scope of his influence? How difficult of solution is his problem? One answer is that he has become so big that to-day the elections of the United States are controlled by the unemployed. And the politicians know this. Another answer is that the jobless man is getting bigger every day. There are now 20,100,000 people on the relief rolls, or about one-fifth of the population of the United States. This is about 6,100,000 more than there were on the relief rolls in September, 1937, and the number is steadily growing, although this is exactly the time of year when unemployment should begin to decrease.

Against this situation the President of the United States has offered two measures. The one I have already discussed in a previous article. That is the proposal for the Government to spend a huge sum of money in a short time, a method that has been tried before, and that has failed. The other is to regulate the hours and wages of labour. It is proposed that no one shall be paid less than 25 cents an hour for his work, or that he shall work for more than forty-four hours a week. The object is to raise wages and to increase the number of jobs. From the terms of this act certain classes of workers are to be exempt, notably executives, professional men, salesmen, and agricultural workers.

There is nothing very startling about a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour. For an eight-hour da that is only 2 dollars, and 2 dollars is a bare subsist ence wage for one person. Moreover, current retai prices in the United States are still out of all propor tion to wages. But a mighty howl is going up fron employers all over the country.

First of all, there is the "deep south," the Caro linas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louis iana, Tennessee, and east Texas. This region ha never paid labour a living wage and it has no inten tion of paying labour a living wage. Somethin undoubtedly needs to be done about the deep south There are those who even sigh, and opine that it i too bad that while Lincoln was abolishing chattel slavery he didn't abolish the deep south along with it. But that isn't the whole story.

From the wage-and-hour bill, one would infer that labour is the only sufferer in the United States, and that all that is needed to restore prosperity is to compel niggardly capital to pay decent wages and to put people to work. Would that this were true.

It will be observed, however, that the bill is framed on the assumption that all industry in the United States is large industry, that all industry in the United States can pay 25 cents an hour in wages, and that all industry can operate on the basis of a forty-four-hour week. None of these assumptions is true.

Most of the industry in the United States is small industry. This section of American enterprise represents a man who goes into business in a town of from 8,000 to 25,000 inhabitants. Depending on the size of the town and the size of his store, he hires from one to four clerks, besides whatever assistance is needed for cleaning and maintaining the premises. Whatever number of clerks he hires, he needs all of them at all times that his store is open; and, since all such communities are necessarily rural communities, he keeps open late on Saturday night to take advantage of the farmers' patronage.

This man is a much more typical American employer than Henry Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, Standard Oil, U.S. Steel, Goodrich Rubber, or Du Pont. This man, in fact, employs by far most of the labour in the United States. And in recent years he hasn't prospered. Mainly he has merely been the custodian of the money that has passed through his hands. Instead of being able to pay any fixed wage, he has been forced to borrow money to meet pay rolls. He has been able to borrow because his business ability is known and his credit record is good. How long he will be able to go on borrowing is a question.

If the wage-and-hour law is applied to him, he will be forced to dismiss most, if not all, of his labour. He will bring his wife and his brother and his children into his store, give them an interest in the business so that they cannot be classified as employees, and will dismiss those to whom he had been paying wages of some amount at least. Thus wages will not be raised and hours will not be shortened and jobs will not be increased, but a whole new army of unemployed will have been created.

(Continued on page 632)

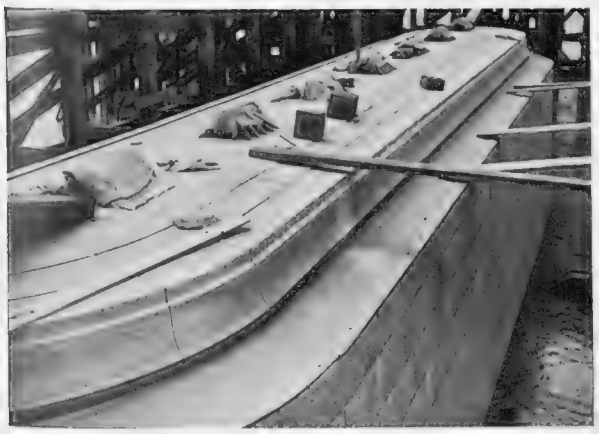
NEW WANDSWORTH BRIDGE

An Important Factor in London Highway Development as Envisaged in the Bressey Report

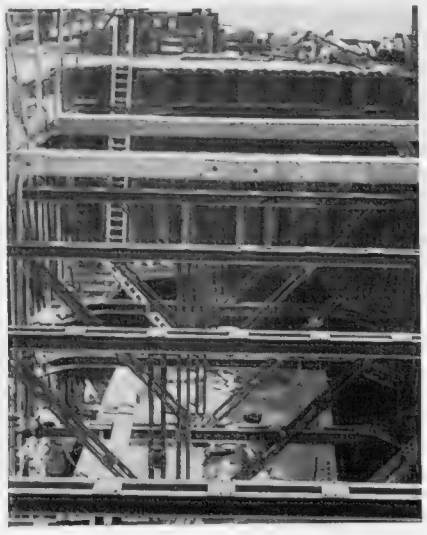
HEAVYWEIGHT REINFORCEMENT: Lowering into position one of the steel cages on to which the concrete will be poured during the construction of the new Wandsworth Bridge, which is to be completed in 1939

LOOKING UPSTREAM towards Putney from the right bank of the Thames, showing the present progress of the work on the Wandsworth abutment of the new bridge, which is being built to succeed the never very satisfactory structure erected in 1873. The abutment facing is of granite and the work is being done within a cofferdam

NOT MUCH ROOM FOR THE RIVER: A general view of the bridgeworks taken from the Fulham shore and looking towards Wandsworth, with one of the finished piers in the foreground. Under Sir Charles Bressey's report on London highway development it is suggested that the bridge should be the main link between north-west London and the at present only partly completed South Circular Road



GRACE IN GRANITE: One of the shapely piers along the top of which are placed the main bearings for carrying the weight of the arch. *On right*—Looking down into the steel cofferdam within which is being built the south pier, consisting of heavily reinforced concrete faced with granite



WHERE THE TIDES RACE: The cofferdams, the wooden piling, and the new piers so throng the bridge site that at the moment the waters swirl through the narrow space with astonishing force. The new bridge, which will be finished in 1939 and is costing £310,000, will be of cantilever type and will have a 40 ft. roadway

THE PASSING OF OLD NORFOLK HOUSE: Men at work behind St. James's Square on the demolition of the famous residence, where 200 years ago, on June 4, 1738, King George III first saw the light of day. The house, the contents of which have all been auctioned, was built in 1665 by the founder of St. James's Square, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans

THE RISE OF THE NEW ADELPHI: This is the John Street elevation of the vast new block of office buildings being erected on the site of the famed Adam terrace. The rear of the building is brick, while the Thames façade is stone

ROOMS THAT HAVE HISTORIES

Where De Lesseps Planned His "Cut": Where Frau Sacher Ruled the Roost: Where Mysterious Willie Clarkson Received the Great

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

IT may not be just a legend that a person's personality impresses itself on a room in which he or she works. Unquestionably, so far as my own experience is concerned, I have found personality in places long after the former inhabitants had passed on. Take, for instance, that little room in a bungalow in the town of Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. I had long looked forward to visiting that room; I had read so much about its occupant: Ferdinand de Lesseps.

In this little room, a great Frenchman planned the Suez Canal. He did all his work, that is to say all the actual planning, in this room. To-day, untouched as it is, this room gives back all the personality, all the simplicity of life which was that of De Lesseps.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was the companion of the Viceroy of Egypt. When he stayed with the Viceroy he ate off gold plate; a host of servants were his; yet when he went to Ismailia De Lesseps lived like a monk in a small cell. There is a small wooden table piled high with books. There is the big family Bible which De Lesseps took with him everywhere. There are hanging on the walls faded family portraits.

In this room where De Lesseps planned, worried and worked there is a little iron bedstead covered with a pink cotton counterpane. The wall-paper is faded. One can almost feel the movement of the ghost of De Lesseps. I have read so much about him, studied so much that he studied, that, literally, I could almost feel his presence. A step out of the picture, but the frame remains.

Those who had the good fortune to lunch or dine at Frau Sacher's in Vienna may recall a rather austere woman in a rustling black silk gown with white ruffles round her wrists and white round her neck. She had an eye for every waiter, and no customer could want bread or a glass but that the eagle eye of Frau Sacher seemed to magnetise a waiter into knowing what the customer wanted almost before he himself knew.

Sacher's Restaurant was close to the Opera House, just off the Ring. Although she moved round the restaurant during meal time, she directed her business from a small office on the ground floor. It was not like the office of a restaurateur, it was more like the conning tower of a battleship, and Frau Sacher was always in action.

She had an American roll-top desk and a wooden block with several coloured buttons on it. She had a house telephone, through which she would talk to her head cook, to her head waiter, and to the people who provided her with meat and vegetables, and it seemed to me that she was always talking to everybody at once.

I have been back at the restaurant since Frau Sacher died, indeed I was there not so long ago, during that hectic week-end when Vienna also had another visitor, Herr Adolf Hitler. I wonder what the ghost of Frau Sacher makes of him. In this little conning tower hung with photographs of the great, and the near great, who had dined or lunched in her restaurant, Frau Sacher heard many secrets of Vienna. Here in this little room she has smacked the faces of young Archdukes who did not know how to behave themselves; young men who ran into heavy debt and who were too fond of the pretty dancing girls from the nearby Opera House.

High up over Wardour Street is a little room where I used to go and talk to Willie Clarkson. It was here that I obtained much of my material for his biography. The Wizard of Wardour Street was a famed character, and we shall never see his like again.

Willie Clarkson lived "over the shop" in every sense of those words. He slept there, and ate there, and it was there he kept strange pets, such as goldfish. I know it is not strange to keep goldfish, but Willie Clarkson had a passion for fish. One day he turned the goldfish out from their bowl into the bath, and then he turned on the warm water because he thought, for some strange reason, that goldfish came from tropical climes, and he was giving his fish a treat.

Clarkson was a very heavy eater, and in his little sitting-room, high up above the hum of Coventry Street and Shaftesbury Avenue, Willie Clarkson would eat, in solitary state, meals prepared for him by his housekeeper, Mrs. Smith. Here, too, in the evenings Willie Clarkson often received great actors, who came to see him after the theatre was over. I said that Clarkson lived "over the shop"; I should have added that he died in the same place.

One morning Mrs. Smith came in with her master's early morning cup of tea and she found him dead. There were strange circumstances attending the death, and these, until this day, have never been entirely cleared up. Willie Clarkson of Wardour Street lived and died very much a man of mystery in that rather funny little room which contained so much of a very curious personality.

I would like to take you now over to New York, to a room on the top floor of a very high building, at No. 511 Fifth Avenue. This is the office of Mr. Colston Leigh, the ace lecture agent of the United States. The first time I went into Mr. Leigh's office I stumbled over a telephone. When I went out I stumbled over another telephone. Mr. Leigh's office has a battery of telephones, because he has to keep in touch with an army of lecturers travelling to and fro all over the country, and although this office is strictly business, it has one of the most glorious vistas I have ever seen in New York City.

One looks over cinema houses that look like cathedrals, and cathedrals that look like cinemas. There are poems in stone.

At night-time the view through the large windows of Mr. Leigh's office is even more glorious. The sky-line seems hung with glowing lanterns suspended by invisible threads. There is not a sound to be heard; it is magical. Then Mr. Leigh speaks and the magic is somewhat disturbed. He is about to cancel three weeks and add another ten. He talks down a telephone and an English literary man somewhere out in the West has to get up at two o'clock and take a train to some distant point. In this little room high up over Fifth Avenue news is certainly made.

It is with a little diffidence that I come to my own room, a study in Paris which faces the Seine. It is a fan-shaped room with two windows giving on to the river, one of the busiest highways in France. Has this little study of mine character? Really, it is difficult for me to say whether my own personality has left an imprint here. That is something for those who come after me to say.

Chiefly, my room is adorned with relics of history, or perhaps I should say the reporting of history which has been made, and in which I have assisted in some way or another. On the walls I see signed photographs of sovereigns who have accorded me interviews. Here is ex-King Alfonso, flanked on one side by the late King Constantine of Greece and on the other by the late King Albert of Belgium. Below there hangs the signed photograph of Mr. Barclay, President of the Negro Republic of Liberia.

On the floor there are rugs I have collected in my travels over various parts of Africa. On top of my pipe rack is a picture painted by an English artist friend of mine. On the opposite walls are two original jackets of books I have written. And then, there are books and books and books. One whole wall is lined from floor to ceiling with books; what nights of worry, what days of work must have gone into the making of these books. There are also some of my own books, so I know the pangs of authorship myself.

These rooms make news. I rather think they do.

"THE LEGEND OF SAINT MARTIN": A detail of the panel by Bernard van Orley showing the saintly Bishop of Tours kneeling before the Madonna and Child in an attitude of devotion. The picture is one of several depicting ecclesiastical legend in medieval art belonging to the renowned collection formed by the late Mr. Montague L. Schiff, of New York. The collection is to be dispersed at Christie's on June 24

ECCLESIASTICAL LEGEND IN MEDIEVAL ART:

The Piety of Saint Martin and The Dream of Sergius

Two Important Panels from the Schiff Collection to Be Sold in Town Next Week

THE dispersal of the remarkable collection of pictures and drawings formed by the late Mr. Montague L. Schiff, of New York, is naturally a big event in the sale room and there is sure to be a large gathering at Christie's for the occasion, attracting particularly those connoisseurs with a liking for eighteenth-century French masters, of which Mr. Schiff was an ardent collector. The medieval paintings are also outstanding and the two religious works reproduced herewith represent Flemish craftsmanship in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Van der Weyden's "Dream of Pope Sergius" depicts the legend which tells that the Pope dreamed that Saint Lambert, Bishop of Liège, was dead and thereupon appointed Saint Hubert in his place. Saint Hubert, having decided to give up the worldly life, had sought out Saint Lambert, desiring religious instruction. Advised to make a pilgrimage to Rome, Saint Hubert was there when his friend was assassinated by the followers of Pepin; simultaneously with the event, Pope Sergius heard the news from an angel who bore a mitre and pastoral staff indicating that Hubert should be made bishop. The Pope is seen kneeling asleep by a bed with an angel before him bearing the mitre and pastoral staff. The panel was painted about 1450, and is said to be part of a large altar-piece, probably done for St. Peter's Church in Liège. Another section of the altar-piece is in the National Gallery. Both panels were at one time owned by Lord Bessborough.

"THE DREAM OF POPE SERGIUS": A detail of the panel painted by Roger van der Weyden about the year 1450; a picture undoubtedly ranking as the finest work in the Schiff collection which is to be auctioned in London next week. The Pontiff is seen in an attitude of sleep, and standing over him is an angel bearing a mitre and pastoral staff

OLD MASTERS FROM HAMPSHIRE HOUSES

GAINSBOROUGH'S "THE HARVEST WAGGON": This renowned picture, valued at £50,000, has been lent by Lord Swaythling from Townhill Park, Southampton, to the exhibition of "Old Masters from Hampshire Houses" which is to be held next week at Winchester College

BY THE MASTER LANDSCAPIST OF THE NORWICH SCHOOL: John Crome's "The Beaters", another picture lent from Townhill Park, Southampton, to Winchester's exhibition of "Old Masters from Hampshire Houses"

A MORLAND MASTERPIECE: "The Dipping Well", a fine example of that facile genius the artist brought to bear on his depiction of country sights and scenes

SOME time ago an exhibition was organised in Bristol representing works loaned from houses in the West Country and as a result there was brought together under one roof a collection of the deepest interest and of an infinite variety. Now another part of England is following suit and the forthcoming exhibition of "Old Masters from Hampshire Houses," to be held next week at Winchester College in aid of the Winchester Cathedral Lighting Fund, includes a large number of really outstanding works which should certainly be seen as it is so rarely they are available to the general public. The varied nature of the display may be gauged from mention of the fact that among the artists represented are Canaletto, Van de Velde, Le Nain, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lely, Landseer, and Romney

GALLERY AND SALEROOM

Art on Exhibition and on Auction in London

On left— "CHERRY COTTRELL AS OPHELIA": This study, conjuring up so strikingly the wistful, mentally unbalanced creature of Shakespearean tragedy, is the work of Ethel Gabain and is included in the 83rd exhibition of the Society of Women Artists at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1

On right— "SHADOWS": This fine portrait study is the work of Anna Zinkeisen, who is now holding a "one woman show" at the Betty Joel Gallery, 25, Knightsbridge, where she is showing thirty of her pictures. Miss Zinkeisen is enjoying a particularly successful year and her contributions to the 1938 Royal Academy and to the Palace of Art at the Empire Exhibition, Glasgow have been very widely praised

On left— CUPID BENDS HIS BOW: This marble statue, signed by Edmé Bouchardon and dated 1744, was once in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace and will be sold next week together with the many other objects of art to be dispersed on behalf of the executors of the late Montague Schiff, an American collector of notable discrimination

LONDON'S SUMMER SEASON

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Touching on Royal, Social, and Sporting Activities

SUMMER'S CAVALCADE

The Household Cavalry, with plumes waving and bridles jingling, make a brave show as they ride through Hyde Park on a perfect June morning

RICHMOND PARADE

The meet and parade of the Coaching Club was one of the big attractions of the opening day's programme at Richmond Royal Horse Show

A TREAT FOR THE CHILDREN: School boys and girls looking on as, hand in hand, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret arrived to see a daylight performance of the Aldershot Tattoo. *On right*—The Duchess of Gloucester presenting a prize to Mr. Bernard N. Mills, son of the late Bertram Mills, after he had gained 2nd prize for four-in-hands at Richmond Show

Wedding Bells
IN FLAMING JUNE

SWORDS AND ROSES! Mr. Henry Legge-Bourke, Royal Horse Guards, only son of the late Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke, Coldstream Guards, and of Lady Victoria Forester, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Catherine Jean Grant, third daughter of the late Colonel Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk and of the Dowager Lady Grant. Princess Alice of Athlone was among those present

BRIDAL ATTENDANTS AND WHAT THEY WORE: *On right*—The two grown-up bridesmaids, with their halo hats, and their tiny companion made a striking picture at the marriage of Mr. George Webb and Miss Valerie Barnes at All Souls', Langham Place. *Extreme right*—A charming group at the wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Mr. Egerton Jones and Miss Norma Roberts

WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM HELD THE BOUQUET the bride shook hands with a member of the guard of honour. Lieut.-Colonel W. P. A. Bradshaw, Scots Guards, and the Hon. Mary Cadman, daughter of Lord and Lady Cadman, pictured after their wedding at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

IN CREAM SLIPPER SATIN: Miss Christian Grant and Miss Mary and Miss Rosalind Forester, the three grown-up bridesmaids, with Frances Waddington and Joanna Grant, the child attendants, at the wedding of Mr. Henry Legge-Bourke and Miss C. J. Grant. *On right*—Mr. Peter Carlisle leaving St. Margaret's with his bride the Hon. Elizabeth McLaren, elder daughter of Lord Aberconway

TROOPING *the* COLOUR: The King with His Guards: A Brilliant Birthday Parade in Perfect Weather

ROYALTY RIDES DOWN THE LINES: King George, followed by the Dukes of Kent and Gloucester, as he inspected his Guards on the Horse Guards' Parade during the Trooping the Colour ceremony in honour of His Majesty's birthday, which actually falls on December 14, but is officially celebrated by the Services on June 9. Perfect weather favoured the occasion, which undoubtedly provides England's most brilliant display of military pageantry, and, withal, has a deep significance, for Trooping the King's Colour is a ritual that has evolved in the course of centuries from the Pope's blessing of the standard William the Conqueror bore at Hastings

EPILOGUE AT THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: King George, mounted on his charger in the centre gateway, taking the salute as his Guards marched past to the music of the bands following the Trooping the Colour ceremony. Watching from the base of the Victoria Memorial was a mighty throng of spectators, while on the palace balcony, scene of so much that has been dramatic in royal history, stood Queen Mary, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and the Princesses. Owing to a cold the Queen could not be present. *On right*—Queen Mary accompanied by the Princesses as she arrived on the Horse Guards Parade

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LONDON LIFE
In High Summer

A BOX AT THE OPERA: A camera study from Covent Garden where a brilliant opera season comes to a close this week and the no less scintillating Russian Ballet arrives to take its place. Last Monday was a particularly notable night with the great Gigli singing in "La Bohème," a performance that was repeated on Wednesday

Drawings for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

COVENT GARDEN INTERLUDE: An animated scene in the upper lounge at the Royal Opera House where so many brilliant productions have rendered the present season as notable as any in recent years. From next Monday onwards the Russian Ballet will hold sway there and it will evoke no less enthusiasm, for London has taken this medium to its heart

On left—WHERE RANK AND FASHION TREAD: A June morning at "Atkinson's Corner," Bond St. *On right*—At cocktail time

WEST END CAMEOS

HIGHWAY OF FASHION: Park Lane, though so many of its great private houses are no more, has lost none of its "fashionability" and remains, paradoxically enough, at one and the same time the heart and the western outpost of Mayfair

Below—CLOTHES OF CONSEQUENCE: A suit in black crêpe, with novel fishprint design, and an ice-blue coat with blue fox at the hem; summer fashions of rare charm

Models by Victor Stiebel

ASCOT STYLES: Two frocks, one in green tulle and one in black chiffon, that reflect the present trend towards shorter skirts. Last year Ascot was from the fashion viewpoint a battle of lengths, but now it seems attenuation has won the day

THE DEBUTANTES' BALL brought a big gathering to Grosvenor House, and the scramble for the cake, here depicted, was a sight to behold. *Below*—"First-nighters" at a London theatre

THIS SUMMER SEASON'S FASHIONS

What They Are Wearing

FIRST NIGHT IMPRESSIONS: *Above*—In the rotunda, Drury Lane, and (*below*) fashion note in the foyer. The white fox coat, Jersey cape, and cherry-coloured flannel coat make delightful evening wear. The last-mentioned, with its rather novel use of homely flannel, has a most elegant air

ODES OF THE MOMENT: Three Norman Hartnell gowns gracing their wearers at a box at the theatre. On the left is a white satin picture frock; in the centre is a satin dress with ruby embroidery at the waist; and on the right a creation in white crepe with a violet blue inset and embroideries

RETURN OF THE OSTRICH: A toque of grey feathers and a cap of tightly-curled blue feathers, the tips treated to look like bluebells, are two new Norman Hartnell ideas for Ascot. The ostrich feather would seem to be regaining much of its popularity and a big campaign is being waged on its behalf

FASHION PARADE

Back-Stage Pictures Taken Before and During a Famous Dress Show

PUTTING UP FLOODLIGHTS: *Early in the morning the electricians arrive to fix the brilliant overhead lights*

LIMITED ACCOMMODATION: *The first invitation requests an early reply "owing to limited accommodation"*

FLOWER DECORATION: *The florist sets to work with flowers chosen to harmonise with the colours of the clothes*

BACKGROUND FOR BEAUTY: *The main scheme begins to take shape. Pink and blue hydrangeas (favourite fashion shades this summer) with rose trees and tall palms forming a background*

WELL-EARNED RESPITE: *Here is the man who is wholly responsible for the smooth working of this huge undertaking. Mr. J. T. Spence, Managing Director of Debenham & Freebody*

Preparation.—First of all, the date is fixed, after which the Buyer of each department is informed of the number of items he or she can be allowed to include in the programme.

Next, the invitations, reply cards, and admittance cards are printed, the list of guests is compiled, and the invitations are sent out.

Afterwards, if the show is to be held at an hotel, the exact position of the platforms has to be settled, the question of lights and flowers has to be gone into, and the programme of music has to be talked over with the leader of the orchestra, for music is a great laugh-raiser if it happens to be inappropriate—or too appropriate.

The biggest headache comes from the arrangement of the order of appearance of the models. Each girl has to wear five or six outfits and consequently she must appear at certain definitely spaced intervals. Add to this the fact that all the clothes must appear at the right moment to hold the interest of the audience—and it will be seen that only a mathematician could deal with the necessary cross-checked charts.

DESCENT TO EARTH: *The platforms are put together and carpeted very early on the day of the show. Here is one man covering some of the steps that lead down to the general floor level*

RAINY PRELUDE: *A mannequin arrives, clutching two enormous dress boxes. Within an hour she will be ready to appear*

PERFECT ORGANISATION: *Once in the dressing rooms the clothes are carefully hung on rails. There will be about 130 ensembles*

IMPORTANT ARRIVAL: *The new models are carefully guarded as they are brought out of a commodious van. Chosen with infinite care by Buyers whose specialised knowledge enables them to pick out the finest creations of world-famous designers, they represent all that is best and most truly cosmopolitan in fashion. The majority of Buyers are women, and they have to back their own judgment in bewildering and almost unpredictable circumstances. Mistakes are costly, and a very few of them may make the whole difference between a successful and a disastrous season, for the big-money life of a model gown is of necessity a short one, since its news value and originality are of supreme importance*

The Clothes Arrive.—All clothes and accessories are packed in vans and taken to the hotel on the day of the show. There they are arranged on rails in specified order, and the more delicate dresses are pressed.

The new Paris models will have arrived in London only the day before, and so great is the rush that last-minute alterations are often completed by a fitter in a taxi-cab on the way to the show.

Insurance is important, especially when anything like a chinchilla cape, worth 3,500 guineas, is being shown, and a detective is always on guard.

Lastly, nobody is more important than willing helpers who will run last-minute errands, and retrieve things that have been left behind.

ADMISSION BY TICKET ONLY: *Each card is carefully scrutinised while guests wait to pass through the doors into the ante-room. This is most necessary because admittance is eagerly sought (sometimes by foul means if fair ones fail). So great is the crush at this show that no seats are saved for anybody after a quarter of an hour before the show begins*

The Guests Arrive.—Long before the time stated for the beginning of the show the first guests arrive, and through the huge rooms there is an atmosphere as tense as that of a long-awaited first night.

About twelve hundred will finally take their places, not including the optimistic friends who come along and blandly explain that they are sure they "can be squeezed in somewhere."

The majority will have to be greeted personally by some member of the House. Endless inquiries (some highly irrelevant) will have to be answered, and lost friends found.

Not the least problem facing the organisers is the task of finding everybody seats with which they will be completely satisfied.

PROGRAMME PROBLEMS: *Once inside, each guest is handed a programme. Many hours of work have gone into its preparation, for each item has to be arranged so that the various girls have time to complete their changes before they are due to appear again. In addition to which there must be no suggestion of monotony in the actual order of showing*

GILDING THE LILY: *Model girls must be good tempered and unselfconscious, for they have to make up in a confined space and with many onlookers. Time is all-important*

READY FOR THE DRESSER: *Their faces are made up, and most of them have plastic hair-settings, so that they can easily and quickly alter their coiffures when necessary*

IN CHARGE OF ACCESSORIES: *Hats and accessories are kept on tables. Here a model girl is giving up her hat, so that it is ready to be worn later with a different ensemble*

RUNNING REPAIRS: *Two girls find that their mirror is inadequately lighted, and an electrician is promptly called*

FINAL INSPECTION: *Poised and lovely, the girls are subjected to a close scrutiny in order to avoid any imperfections*

The Girls Prepare.—In addition to the model girls permanently employed by the firm, about twelve free-lance mannequins are engaged for the show. Fifty or sixty are seen before these girls are chosen, after which fittings for each of them have to be fixed about a fortnight before the great day. Again and again they will put on different dresses until the Buyer is satisfied that they are really well suited. After which any necessary alterations have to be made.

They arrive in good time to fix their own make-up, and each girl, during the course of the afternoon, wears five or six outfits, which gives her exactly ten minutes from the moment when she is first ready to the time when she will appear again completely transformed.

Her actual changing time is 4 mins. and this cannot be exceeded even though she may have to change shoes, stockings, and hairdressing as well as her clothes, as is the case when a girl may wear a shooting suit, with appropriate stockings and brogues, to appear immediately afterwards in a sumptuous Court gown. One dresser looks after two or three girls, so perfect organisation and complete co-operation are essential.

Having smoothed herself into her new ensemble she has to hurry to the accessories table, where she is handed the right accessories, checked off on a previously prepared list. If she needs a hat, that means another wait, perhaps while a model is snatched off the head of a girl who has just returned so that it can be clapped on to her own.

In addition to all this, having paraded through the ballroom and a couple of ante-rooms, she has to dash through the kitchens to the dressing-rooms—a feat which can only be accomplished with aplomb by those who are in strict training.

ZERO HOUR: *Here they are, lined up back-stage, ready for their first appearance. Each girl shows five or six outfits*

HEAD FOR HEIGHTS: *Under the glare of the lights it cannot be very easy to glide unconcernedly along a narrow platform*

WHAT THE AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEE: *The girls go through the Dorchester kitchens on their way from the ballroom*

UNDRESSING AS SHE GOES: *This girl has already taken off the little coat that complemented her chiffon ensemble, for there is no time to spare*

THE GRANDE FINALE: *The great moment when the bride and her bridesmaids finally appear, to the strains of the Wedding March, and the ecstatic sighs of the audience. She wears gold lamé, and her attendants have pastel-coloured tulle picture frocks in pinks, mauves, and clover shades with head-dresses composed of circlets of flowers tied on with wide ribbons. They carry gilt baskets with flower handles*

And Then The Show.—In the wings stands the time-keeper, on whose precision the smooth working of the whole show depends. In her hands she holds a stop-watch, and she sends the girls on to the stage at twenty-five-second intervals, slowing them down slightly or speeding them up if there is any discrepancy half-way through.

As for the clothes, in a summer collection that includes 130 models, about 40 will be evening dresses, there will be 30 suits, coats, and beach outfits, 30 formal dresses and garden party frocks, say 15 negligees, and 15 furs.

Fairly simple, until you begin adding the right shoes, stockings, gloves, jewellery, fans, flowers, hats, and so on. Plus the human element, for the girls are not angels, and nobody's memory is infallible.

Then, perhaps, one gets some idea of the work and foresight that goes to the making of a successful one-hour dress show.

A NICE CUP OF TEA: *Even when the parade is over and the guests are having tea the model girls' work is not done, for they walk between the closely packed tables answering questions, smiling—and praying for the moment when they can put their feet up*

DRAMA:

Glitter and Colour in "The Sun Never Sets": A Not Very Good Idea Gone Wrong at the Savoy: Coruscating Epigrams and Skilled Farcical Acting at the Whitehall

By PHILIP PAGE

"NO matter how you sozzle and souse, the sun never sets on Government House," wrote Mr. Noel Coward in one of his revues. A far more difficult job than poking fun at Government House is writing a play about it which will register a success at Drury Lane Theatre, as Mr. Coward would himself agree, having done something rather in this line, and done it well, in *Cavalcade*.

The Sun Never Sets (founded on the late Edgar Wallace's *Sanders of the River* by his daughter, Pat, and Mr. Guy Bolton) is essentially Government House stuff. It is also as stuffed with patriotism of the right sort as was *Cavalcade*, with sufficient of the Big White Carstairs legend to provide jam with the powder, so far as the more sophisticated are concerned. As for the majority—and it is, perhaps, well for the world in general and Drury Lane in particular that the majority are unsophisticated—it is just a glittering, colourful piece of excitement, remarkably efficient in every way from beginning to end.

Dinner jackets in the mystery swamps of Central Africa, hob-nobbing, as it were, with negroes in leopard skins (those were the very bad negroes) twirling and twisting their bodies in barbaric dances to the thud-thud of the drum seemed to me neither ridiculous nor incongruous. For it is a fact that the Englishman in those remote spots does dress for dinner whenever he can, both because he likes it and because he has to change his clothes at the end of a day's work anyway — and sundry of our humorists can take it or leave it. Moreover, one can see those Central African dances in any fashionable restaurant performed by twirling and twisting dinner jackets.

Government House decorum and indecorous dances are not, however, the essential features of *The Sun Never Sets*, which would not be the success it undoubtedly is if they were. It has a good, workable story of how a brave, white man who understood brave, if unpleasant, black men saved his friends and a portion of the Empire in spite of the efforts of other equally brave, but less sensible, white men to prevent him. Sanders, played with gallant grimness by Mr. Leslie Banks, who is just the man for the job, was suspended from his important administrative post by an imbecile commission from England, who accepted the evidence of his enemies, notably an evil Arab trader. I do not know what an Arab was doing as far south as that, but I do know that I was glad to see him in the person of Mr. Henry Oscar, who was glib and suave and subtly obnoxious in a most acceptable fashion.

One result of Sanders's suspension was that the blacks unloosed a sort of secret society—voodoo, devil worship and all the rest of it—the members of which spoiled a nice little party at Government House, with a lot of pretty girls dancing with a lot of immaculately-dressed young men. And to any objection that you can't have a lot of pretty girls in a danger spot in Central Africa, I would answer that it would be pretty dangerous to have a Drury Lane drama without 'em.

When natives (those nasty ones in leopard skins) started leaping on the backs of sentries and attacking British officers, Sanders, suspension or no suspension, gave orders, turned on searchlights, caused a realistic river steamer, sparks and all, to set out on a punitive expedition and became, like the authors, the producer and everyone else connected with the show, enormously and impressively efficient. He got himself into a tight corner, and so did an adventurous airwoman, before the happy ending came. But we knew that, although evil natives may tie up a Drury Lane hero and heroine and threaten the former with death and the latter with a fate described as worse, that happy ending is waiting just 'round the corner—that is to say, about 11.15 p.m.

The finale was strengthened by a peculiarly happy thought: for it was supposed to be Christmas time and King George VI's actual voice, via a gramophone record, was heard delivering the broadcast message of last Christmas. Why a few people should have considered that step in bad taste I cannot imagine. The whole episode was managed with dignity—"decently and in order." If the King's portraits can be used by the million to put on letters and parcels and thumped and banged and half-obliterated every minute of the day by Post Office officials, I cannot see why anyone should object to the King's voice being heard on the stage in impressive and dramatic circumstances and in an atmosphere of unquestionable loyalty.

The sentimental episodes were not important and I could not quite believe in Miss Edna Best's airwoman. That was not the fault of Miss Best, always an admirable actress, who did with the part all that could be done with it. Nor was an airwoman's presence incongruous, for it is a fact that young women do get into aeroplanes with the sole aim of getting from one part of the world to another at a record speed (and a d—n silly aim it is, too). But possibly to harp on the adventurous at the cost of the amorous was in this case a wise policy.

Humour has always been another problem in Druriodrama, and one cannot blame Mr. Mackenzie Ward, as a monocled subaltern from the P. G. Wodehouse stable, and Mr. Wally Patch, excellent as a cockney subaltern, if they did not completely solve it. The music was subordinate, but good of its kind, with an echo of our old friend "Sonny Boy" and an attractive tune to adorn the love-affair of Mr. Todd Duncan, a "native chief" who can both sing and act.

To Mr. Laurence Irving for his exquisite scenery and to Mr. Basil Dean for his work as producer go the highest marks of all. Mr. Dean has triumphed on Drury Lane stage before and on several other stages (not forgetting the films also). But this is surely his supreme triumph.

SHE STOLE THE SHOW: This is Gertrude Niesen, who scored a big personal success in *No Sky So Blue*, the new musical play at the Savoy, when it was given its premiere last week. Among the many accomplishments of this unusual and highly colourful actress is a quite masterful command of the harsh, acrid type of humour usually designated "hardboiled," while, in addition, her singing is first rate

A CHANGE FROM G. AND S.: Derek Oldham, the noted Savoyard, who has played so many notable parts in Gilbert and Sullivan, as Chibiabos, the principal tenor role in the Choral Society's pageant-production of *Hiawatha* at the Albert Hall

"No Sky So Blue."—*No Sky So Blue*, a play with music (though not much of it) at the Savoy, is a case of a not very good idea gone wrong. Whatever can or should or cannot or should not be done with the League of Nations, it is pretty certain that one cannot make an amusing musical comedy out of it. If that can be done, I can only say that those responsible for this one have not done it. Naturally at League conferences the delegates talk and talk and talk, and they do so here, the scene being Geneva. The talk on the stage of the Savoy is no more amusing, for the most part, than I imagine it to be at Geneva. And that simply won't do. The author is Mr. Henry C. James; but at times it might have been the late Mr. Henry James without the C.—a writer whom the literary world rightly holds in great respect, but who could not by any stretch of imagination be called "snappy."

"Snappiness" was provided occasionally by Miss Gertrude Niesen, who seemed to have been introduced into the story for little reason other than to sing her native American songs, "hot," "swing," or "blews." She has an exotic appearance and a voice of penetrating power which I would describe as a near-baritone. Miss Niesen said well what she had to say. But I did not like what she had to say, for it consisted of a succession of "wise-cracks," snapped out in response to remarks obviously paving the way for them as inevitably as a coin will summon a box of matches from a slot machine. She sang well the songs she had to sing. But I did not like what she had to sing, much of which seemed to be on one note. Perhaps I would have liked the words had I been able to hear them.

Miss Lea Seidl, as a half-divorced countess who be-dazzled a British diplomat, played with sturdy charm by Mr. Cyril Raymond, sang some waltz songs and acted gracefully enough. But she needed more Lehar-like surroundings, a chorus, and the rest of the comic-operatic trappings. The whole piece is, in short, a hybrid of an awkward type.

"Lot's Wife."—The fashion of turning Biblical or mythological stories into smart modern comedies is on the increase, it seems. Here at the Whitehall Theatre, under the pious shadow, almost, of the statue of King Charles the Martyr, we have coruscating epigrams and skilled farcical acting evolving directly out of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Lot's Wife, as a credible play, must be taken with a whole pillar of salt. It has, in the first place, to be supposed that there is a considerable English colony in a small town in Asia Minor. The name of the place is Modos (spell it backwards and you will see the point). If the play has a sequel—and from the amount of laughter it evoked that is quite likely—the author will, I suppose, choose an equally imaginary spot named Harromog. Modos, incidentally, had a telephone exchange at which the officials understood the English language, but no flagrant and unprintable vices, except that of adultery, which is frequently flagrant but never unprintable. Indeed, I do not know what this comedy—and 90 per cent. of other comedies—would do without it.

Mrs. Lot, young and pretty, had a handsome lover, mainly because Mr. Lot was over fifty, a health crank, an egotist, and a bit of a bore—or, rather, would have been a bore, had not Mr. Cecil Parker played the part so deliciously. Mr. Lot, hearing that a neighbouring volcano was likely to erupt and bury Modos in burning lava, fled, with his daughters by another wife. (The author does not, fortunately, pursue that episode in the life of the Biblical Lot.) Mrs. Lot turned back to fetch the canary, and was marooned by the lava—or whatever it is that lava does—and a long time passed. At the end of it Mrs. Lot has married her lover, thinking that the lava had got Mr. Lot. But farces do not end in death, and everyone turns up alive and smiling and remarkably talkative.

Fortunately it is usually amusing talk, with a tendency to the facetious, which the author, whose first play this is, should check in his next. Miss Nora Swinburne, cool, beautifully distinct in voice and distinctly beautiful in appearance, puts plenty of fun into the part of Mrs. Lot, and has gathered round her a clever company.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

On London's Stage

"WHAT HAPPENED IN THE 2.30?" Butler-cum-tipster James (Arthur Sinclair) tells the gambling Bijou Furze (Margaret Rutherford) he has not as yet heard the result of the race. These two give first-rate performances in *Spring Meeting*, the play by M. J. Farrell and John Perry at the Ambassadors, in which the authors provide a glimpse of the lighter side of Irish life in sunny contrast to the plays of "the trouble," such as *Juno and the Paycock*, of which there has been such a spate of recent years

TO STAR AT COVENT GARDEN: A new portrait of Irina Baronova who is to appear in the annual season of Russian ballet due to open at the Royal Opera House on June 20. Baronova, who is now twenty-eight years of age, was first in London in 1933

"SPRING MEETING": Johnny Mahoney (W. G. Fay) toasts the three brides and (*above on right*) Sir Richard Furze (Roger Livesey) reproves Bijou Furze (Margaret Rutherford) for indulging in malicious gossip. Two scenes from the comedy at the Ambassadors

IN "JUDGMENT DAY" VEIN: Norman Macowan's play *Glorious Morning*, presented a few days ago at the Duchess Theatre, is a drama of life in a Dictator land where the State has "liquidated" the church and is attempting to drive religion out of the hearts of the people. *Left*—Professor Skaedia (Raymond Huntley) implores Leda (Jessica Tandy) to relinquish her faith and to stop talking religion as she is courting disaster. *Right*—The merciless General Gurgani (Reginald Tate), whose mission it is to stamp out religion and supplant it by "State worship," finds that the old beliefs still persist in the Veerkind house and threatens dire measures

HONOURED IN THE REALM OF LETTERS: M. René Benjamin, who has just been appointed a member of the Academie des Goncourt, the French literary academy named after the brothers de Goncourt—novelists of the naturalistic school—to help struggling authors

WITH £10 BORROWED FROM HIS BROTHER Dr. John Gregg launched exactly fifty years ago his renowned shorthand system, and he is now in London for the jubilee celebrations. Over 50,000,000 people have learned "Gregg" and it can be written in thirteen languages

SIR KINGSLEY'S LIEUTENANT: Captain Harold Balfour, the new Under-Secretary of State for Air, in his office at the Air Ministry. He brings to his post a practical knowledge of flying, having served in the R.F.C. and later the R.A.F. in the last three years of the war

SWEDEN'S NEW MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: Herr Bjorn Gustaf Prytz, who went to present his credentials to the King at Buckingham Palace on June 8

MEN OF MARK

Four Personalities and Their Varied Tasks

GARDEN PARTY AT BAGATELLE

The Little Château in the Bois de Boulogne Where Our King and Queen Will Be Received: Its Associations With Marie Antoinette

THE garden party to be given by the Conseil Municipal of Paris to King George and Queen Elizabeth on June 29 will take place at Bagatelle, that most charming park on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, bought by the city of Paris in 1904.

From the early part of the eighteenth century fetes and outdoor festivities of every kind brought the courts of Louis XV and Louis XVI to Bagatelle. It was also a favourite haunt of King Stanislaus Leczinzki of Poland when he came each year to visit his daughter, the wife of Louis XV.

The first we hear of Bagatelle is that a small country house was erected there by the Maréchal d'Estrée for his wife in 1720. It was in close proximity to the Château de Madrid, now a famous and fashionable out-door restaurant on the border of the Bois. Here lived Mlle de Charolais, who was related to the royal family and was herself a noted and popular hostess of the early eighteenth century.

The Maréchale d'Estrée used Bagatelle regularly as a summer residence. Her husband's immense fortune was, strangely enough, founded by the Scotsman, Law, by his speculations in coffee and chocolate. It was Law who brought about the first deflation of the franc, which decided the fall from the high position he had made for himself in the financial world in France.

Pastoral plays, dances and suppers brought all the pretty women and the noble gallants of the Court to enjoy the hospitality of the Maréchale. She was also visited regularly in the summer by Louis XV, from 1737 to 1745, and was considerably criticised for receiving his various favourites at Bagatelle.

On the death of the Maréchale in 1745 the tiny house, which is mentioned in the Memoirs of the Duc de Luynes, passed into the hands of the Marquise de Montconseil, a witty and erudite woman, a friend of Mlle de Charolais, who carried on the traditions of hospitality founded by her predecessor.

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL VISIT: The Château de Bagatelle in the Bois is being redecorated for the garden party on June 29

Louis XV, grateful for this, added considerably to the extent of the park. At this time, however, the influence of Madame de Pompadour became very strong, and the King was kept more and more at Versailles. The Court, notwithstanding, continued to visit the receptions of the Marquise de Montconseil, who gave notable fetes on the marriage of her daughters and in honour of the Duc de Richelieu.

These brilliant receptions finally ruined the generous marquise, who turned in vain to the brother of Madame de Pompadour for financial aid. In 1760 Bagatelle suffered eclipse. In 1770 the Marquise de Montconseil died and Bagatelle was threatened with ruin. From 1770 till 1775 it was owned by the Prince de Chimay, who did not live there. Then it was acquired by the Comte d'Artois, second brother of Louis XVI, who determined to build a chateau there in memory of all the agreeable souvenirs with which the place was associated.

The Comte d'Artois was extremely fond of his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette. The pleasures and amusements they organised together had the unfortunate result of further compromising the young Queen who was destined to so tragic an end. In 1777 d'Artois made a wager with Marie Antoinette that while the Court was in residence at Fontainebleau he would construct a chateau at Bagatelle and lay out the park so as to be ready to entertain her on its return.

To accomplish what seemed an impossible project, he employed the architect Joseph Bélanger, who called in the collaboration of Chalgrin and of the British landscape gardener, Blaikie, for the laying out of the park.

The plans were passed on September 22, 1777 and the Château as it now stands was finished on November 26 of the same year. The whole work had been accomplished in the incredibly short space of 64 days. Nine hundred workmen had been employed day and night to achieve this. There was a shortage of building stone and of lime and plaster. The Comte d'Artois requisitioned a company of the Swiss Guard to stop all carts loaded with this material and commandeer their contents. Although cash was paid, these high-handed methods brought him into great disrepute with the people, and doubtless fomented the spirit of revolution that was already in the air.

The Château de Bagatelle came to be known as La Folie d'Artois. It had cost 3,000,000 livres, which was about £150,000 in the currency of the day.

The interior of the Château was decorated in perfect taste. All the most accomplished craftsmen of the day were called upon to collaborate in its adornment.

The circular salon on the ground floor in which tea will be served to King George and Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the garden party was Marie Antoinette's music room. At the present time it serves to display *La Rose dans l'Art*, an exhibition that has been organised on the ground floor of the Château.

Although d'Artois won his wager with the Queen his Folie was not used at once for the entertainment of the Court, for the Queen's father died on the day the royal party returned to Versailles.

When once the inauguration reception was given Bagatelle became the scene of festivities the like of which have been attempted by nobody since, except the late Marquis de Castellane. The Queen herself took part in the pastoral plays that were organised to be performed in the gardens. It is said that Louis XVI hissed her during rehearsal, and that she came to the footlights and said that if he were not pleased with the performance he could get his money back at the door. This witticism went the round of the Court and made the leading topic of gossip of the day.

Gaiety continued to be associated with Bagatelle until the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789. It was occupied by sixty volunteers of the southern legion, and would doubtless have shared the fate of other royal residences but for the intervention of Couthon in 1793 when he persuaded the Convention that it should be used for the pleasure of the people and converted into an establishment "useful to art and agriculture."

Under the Consulate the little Château became a Bal Musette. The lovely furniture was sold and the beautiful clock of the Pavilion des Pages was acquired by the Commune de Neuilly and used for the Town Hall.

Napoléon I, hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came to Bagatelle to rest. He was charmed, and decided to buy it. He dreamed of converting it into a hunting-box to be used in connection with the Château de Chaillot that he intended to build for the King of Rome on the site of the present Trocadéro.

The dream of the Château de Chaillot melted with the snows of Russia, but Bagatelle remained part of the royal domain.

In 1815 the Comte d'Artois returned to France with the rest of the aristocratic emigrants. He was too saddened by exile to return to Bagatelle, and gave it with all the furniture it had been possible to save to his son, the Duc de Berry. He used it as a hunting-box, but after his assassination it simply became a visiting place for the curious.

After the revolution of 1830, which removed Charles X, the former Comte d'Artois, from the throne, Bagatelle was put up for sale and was bought by the Earl of Yarmouth, afterwards Marquess of Hertford, and lived in by him until his death in 1870.

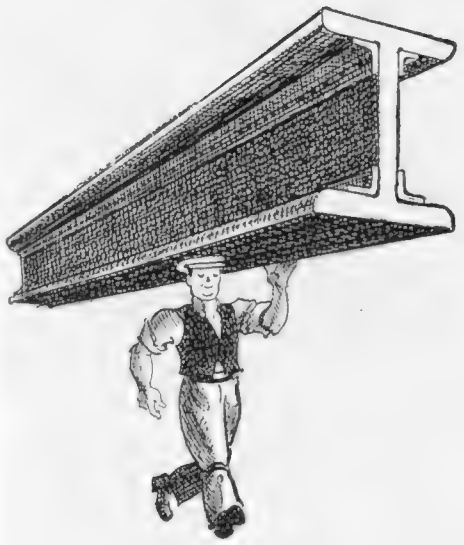
Lord Hertford left Bagatelle to his adopted son, Sir Richard Wallace. He made a few unfortunate alterations, including the addition of an attic floor to the Château and the substitution of the present Trianon for the delicious Pavilion des Pages constructed by Bélanger. Otherwise the Château remains very much as it was in the eighteenth century.

The King and Queen will meet the other guests of the Municipality of Paris on the lawn that stretches out to the water-lily lake that remains from Blaikie's designs. Some of his fanciful bridges and tortuous pathways have been abolished, but the park remains one of the beauty spots of Paris. The royal visit being at the height of the rose season, it will then be looking its best.

W. B.

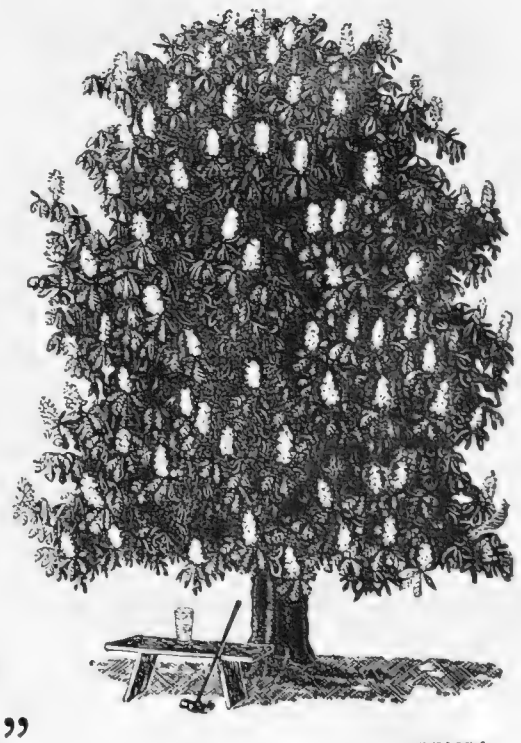
THE LAND OF MANY HA-HA'S!

by Strongfellow



In the land of Feeling Fresher,
In the country of the Strong Man,
Lives the Head that is distinctive,
As distinctive as George Robey,
As the eyebrows of George Robey,
Lives the creamy-headed Guinness,
Offspring of the Yeast, the Guinness.
When you're needing strength to help you,
Casual strength to push a bridge down
Or to lift a mighty girder,

Take a trip to Nevertiredland,
Have a glass of smiling Guinness,
If a Sea-lion hasn't got it,
Balanced on his black proboscis.
(Oh my Goodness, oh my Guinness!)
Take your Guinness and enjoy it,
If an Ostrich hasn't pinched it,
Hasn't got it more than half way,
(So that you can see the glass-shape)
Half way down his lengthy swallow.
Drink your Guinness, taste its goodness,
Feel the good that one can do you,
Contemplate the good that Toucan.
Think of all who sing its praises—
Lion, Carpenter and Keeper,
Walrus, Woodman, Village Blacksmith,
You, and me, and everybody.
Slowly sip its creamy goodness,
Then you'll know why people tell you,
Tell you there is nothing like it,
Why they say with many ha-ha's!
"Life is brighter after Guinness,



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS."

G.E.777A

THE NEWLY-OPENED MICKLEHAM BY-PASS: A panoramic view from the top of Box Hill, Surrey, showing part of the wide new road with its dual carriage-ways and cycle tracks sweeping away to by-pass Mickleham, following the valley of the Mole. This road will relieve the week-end congestion on the Worthing and Bognor routes

CHEAP POLICIES

The Dangers and Pitfalls of Low Insurance Premiums

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

YEARS of experience have taught me to realise that a cheap article is seldom, if ever, really cheap. In the ordinary affairs of life the purchaser of a cheap article usually knows the extent of his liability should the article prove to be worthless after a time. A cheap pair of shoes or a suit or even a cheap house can only let the owner in for a definite sum, and that is the amount paid for it. True, it frequently happens that the would-be purchaser has not the necessary cash in his pocket to buy a better article and so has to put up with the inferior commodity.

In motoring, cheap cars are frequently favoured, and when they are known to be in that category the owner is usually pleased beyond words when he obtains real value for money. The cheap car may not give him such comfort or speed that the more expensive vehicle would, but in some ways, perhaps, it has definite advantages by not lasting as long. The owner thus makes more frequent changes, and in so doing finds whatever car he is driving is more up-to-date. There is, however, one commodity in motoring which should never be bought if it is considered cheap, and that is insurance.

The trouble with insurance is that the purchaser cannot test its worth until he most needs financial assistance. I think I am right in saying that no insurance company dealing with the motor business makes colossal profits, and so when ridiculously low premiums are offered to the owner he should, if he is a wise man, smell a rat. If such companies do remain in business, they can only do so by disallowing claims or cutting down service, and either of these expedients is extremely unpleasant when the policy-holder seeks to put his policy into action. Unless the policy-holder is an absolute expert on insurance matters, he will find it quite impossible to understand the average wording of the document which covers his liability. He may read through all the clauses with the greatest of care, but I doubt if he can visualise all the various things that may occur.

I happen to know for a fact that no insurance company of good standing ever repudiates a claim if it is made in genuine circumstances, even if that claim is not covered in so many words in the policy. What happens is that they interpret in a liberal and generous manner the spirit of the agreement and not necessarily the letter. Companies quoting absurdly low premiums cannot possibly carry on their business in such a manner. Imagine for a moment the position of an owner who is unfortunate enough to be involved in an accident, puts in a claim to his company, and is then told quite politely, but nevertheless firmly, that because he used his car to go and see a friend on business his claim cannot be met, as there is a clause in his policy which states that he is only covered when using the car for private purposes. The claim made on him may amount to £2,000 or £3,000, in which case his predicament is one which none of us would envy.

I cannot, therefore, too strongly recommend every motorist to go to a firm whose reputation for paying claims is beyond question. Another point of annoyance, though only a minor one, is the delay which sometimes takes place before the brokers or company give their consent for the damaged car to be repaired. Delay may also arise when the estimate for repairs is needlessly challenged by the insurance company or brokers. By

(Continued on page 618)

A THOROUGHBRED: A 40-50 h.p. 12-cylinder Rolls-Royce Phantom III fitted with a special Hooper Sedanca body. The graceful streamlined effect of the rear part is enhanced by the long skirted wings and the flowing lines of the luggage boot

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This England . . .

The River Teign

THAT the English do not know when they are beaten is true in equal measure of their domestic life. Teignmouth in 1340 was a rich and busy port, found worthy of sack by pirates from France. Within three hundred years the quays lay idle, only the wailing of gulls upon the silent air. Yet, in a century again twenty stout vessels could be contributed to the Newfoundland shipping trade! When times are bad the English do not falter; rather do they seek comfort in the old things—traditions, customs, ways of life—that their strength may be preserved for the returning tide. Thus we have many comfortable habits that are become the very fabric of our life. Of these, great ale such as Worthington is one—a comforter of both mind and body, then as now.

. . . by Worthington

THE NEW SOUTH CIRCULAR ROAD: The newly-completed Catford-Eltham section of this great highway, work on which has been proceeding very slowly. It is to run from Woolwich Ferry to the new Wandsworth Bridge, swinging round South London in an easy curve about 15 miles long. The route was recommended by the Arterial Road Conferences before the war, and Sir Charles Bressey in his recently-published Highway Development Survey for Greater London urged that it should be finished with all speed

(Continued from page 616)

paying a fair premium the risk of such delays is reduced to a minimum. Owners should remember that in spite of third-party insurance being obligatory the Government do not guarantee the financial solidity of any company.

The Bressey Report, which has taken years to produce, has now seen the light of day for some weeks. It is full of interesting suggestions and those who have studied it can be divided into two classes: the optimists and the pessimists. The former think that if the recommendations were carried out, motoring in the London districts would become ideal, but the latter are of the opinion that even if everything was accomplished in accordance with the suggestions made, motoring conditions would still remain unpleasantly congested.

What most of us consider, however, is that the Government and the authorities concerned will leave the report in the pigeon hole in which it no doubt rests at the moment, and the question, therefore, arises as to what can be done, and by whom, to make certain that the report is acted upon.

I have received from the R.A.C. intimation that six international motor races which were to have been held abroad and at home from the present time to the end of the year have been cancelled. This, of course, makes very unpleasant reading and naturally the question has to be asked, What is the reason? In June alone four meetings have been abandoned, one in Italy, one in France, one in Germany and one in Great Britain. The latter cannot be held owing to the difficulties regarding a suitable course. The German one will not be held because entries in sufficient numbers are unobtainable. The reason for the cancellation of the Italian and French fixtures leaves me puzzled.

Other cancellations are in connection with fixtures in Luxembourg and Monaco, which forces me to the conclusion that all is not well with the sport abroad. Entries for the Le Mans Race, or at least those sent in from this country, are not so encouraging as in past years. In general, I think, it is safe to say that the disappointing outlook for motor racing on the Continent during 1938 is due to a shortage of entries, and in all probability this deficiency will be made up by the beginning of 1939.

In this country, motor racing carries on in much the same way as it has done for years. A slight falling off of entries is noticeable, but the public seem to be just as interested as during the past seasons. I have often been asked why it is that the number of spectators at British race meetings is only a fraction of that which attends continental events. There are, of course, a whole host of reasons, but perhaps the most important is that the average Britisher is not a motoring enthusiast, and personally I doubt whether he ever will become one. Although almost the whole of the population motor in one type of conveyance or another, there is a distinct anti-motoring outlook in the make-up of that elusive person, the "man-in-the-street." A section of the press of the country are none too helpful in trying to eradicate that prejudice which they in the past have done so much to create.

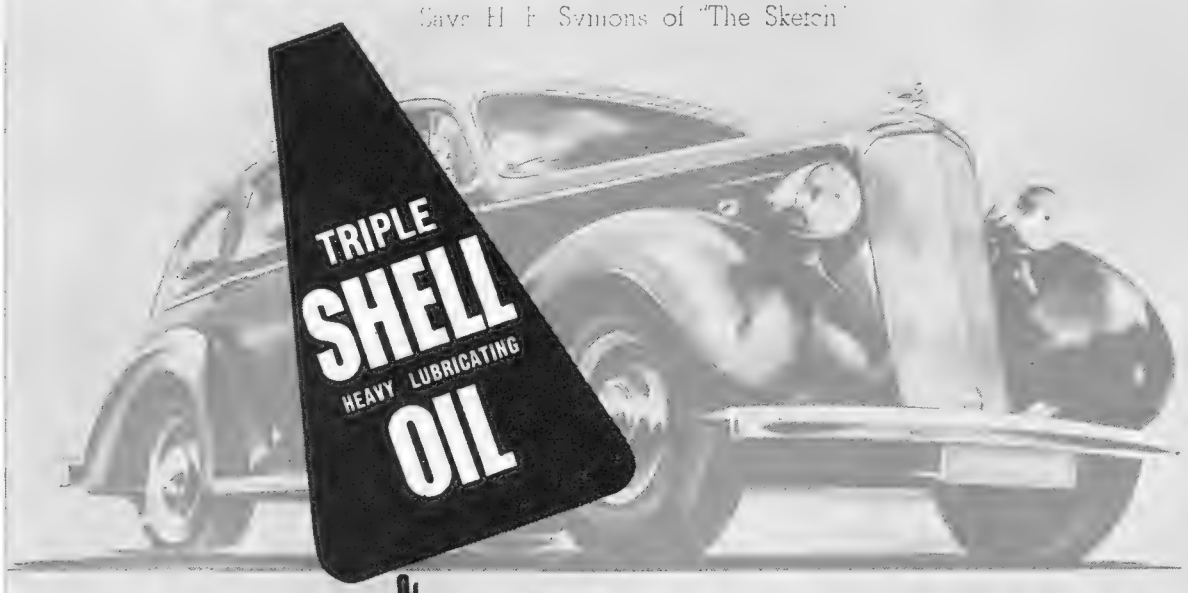
Parliament, too, is definitely infected with the anti-motoring bug. From the beginning the public have been educated to look upon motoring as the amusement of the wealthy. Perhaps twenty-five years ago there may have been some justification for that outlook, but to-day everybody motors, irrespective of their means. The crowds that go to see motor racing are definitely small as compared with those which crowd into hundreds of football grounds during the season. There are on an average, I suppose, about two horse-race meetings every week-day of the year and these attract astounding

(Continued on page 632)

NEGOTIATING A HAIRPIN: A Humber belonging to Mr. T. F. Purves tackling a sharp corner during the Empire Exhibition Scottish rally which ended on Friday of last week. Although the bend is being taken at speed the car shows no signs of sway

"SUPERLATIVE TOP GEAR PERFORMANCE.. a credit to Humber engineers"

Says H. F. Symons of "The Sketch"



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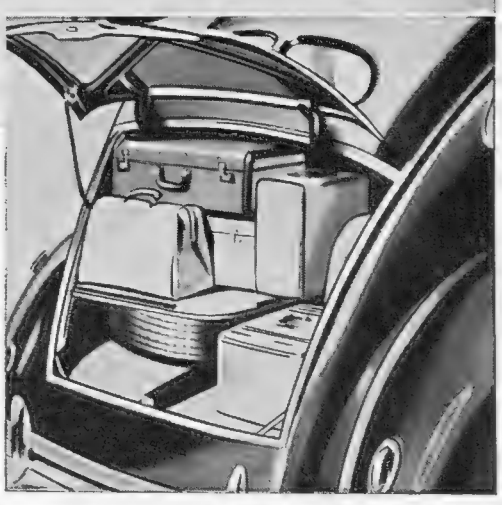

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HARRAP

The WORLD *of* BOOKS:

THAT well-meaning man, that secretary of the anti-war society, who wrote to Mrs. Virginia Woolf for a contribution to his funds, to assist by signing a pledge "to protect culture and individual liberty," also asked her a question. How, in her opinion, can war be prevented?

The letter, Mrs. Virginia Woolf asserts, remained unanswered for three years for reasons which are explained in THREE GUINEAS (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.). One of the guineas went to the worthy society, one to an appeal on behalf of a women's college, and the other to a society for helping women to earn their livings.

The three appeals are not so unrelated as they may appear, for Mrs. Woolf was mightily disturbed by that question, from an educated man, as to how to prevent war. How, in this man-made and man-controlled world, can woman, whose voice is still and small enough in councils of state and in the professions which control our destinies, ever hope to prevent a man-made war? War is fighting, killing, destruction. Only a few hideous examples prove the rule that women do not fight, do not make war; their part in war being to heal, to comfort, to succour and to suffer.

How else can the *educated* woman answer such a question except by an examination of woman's status in society as now constituted, wherein we see the true juxtaposition of the other two donations. Who writes more brilliantly, more searchingly, with more learning, more wit, more humour, yes, and with more tolerance, than the author of *A Room of One's Own*?

Mrs. Woolf surveys the past, and her indictment is complete. The gulf between the educated man and the educated woman is the impassable one of centuries of privilege, of that acquired by the matter of course as distinct from that acquired by sacrifice and persistence in the teeth of opposition.

It is true that since the war the professions have been open to women and that the strongholds of male privilege have yielded to their occasional incursions. Things are different nowadays: but how different? Why, on that subject of equality in education, do the universities of Oxford and Cambridge appear to educated men's daughters "like petticoats with holes in them, cold legs of mutton, and the boat train starting for abroad while the guard slams the door in their faces"? Why, of the persons *in statu pupillari* at Cambridge, is the present ratio one girl to ten boys? Is the answer to be found in those sisters whose needs had to be trimmed and whose inheritances had to be raided for "Arthur's Education Fund"?

Yes, the professions are open to little Arthur's sister if she happens to be one of the few who have enjoyed the same opportunities, the same liberties, the same education as little Arthur. But what does she find on entering them? A very odd-looking world to a woman. Did the Judge who so caustically commented upon a woman's clothes in court pause to reflect upon the oddity of his own costume? "How many, how splendid, how ornate they are—the clothes worn by educated man in his private capacity! . . . A woman who advertised her motherhood by a tuft of horsehair on the left shoulder would scarcely, you will agree, be a venerable object".

Men arrayed in their trappings of office march through Mrs. Woolf's pages in scornful prose aided by artfully selected pictures. Their loyalties, their jealously guarded guilds, their close corporations of mutual interests, all come in for her quizzical analysis and the conclusion is that the woman is an outsider, having no part in a world that looks so odd to her.

Only by being free and equal, by having a voice equally dominant in the world's affairs, can she help to realise peace. How else can she find an answer to the secretary's question?

If I for one detect fallacies in the argument I shall try to be intelligent enough not to try to expose them in a few inches of space. I hope I have said enough to whet the appetite of anyone with wit enough to enjoy the mental stimulus of a challenge from the brilliant pen of one so indisputably distinguished in the world of contemporary letters.

It is all in a reviewer's day that he finds himself turning from the cut and thrust of a sociological document by a distinguished novelist to the reflections, written in autobiographical form, of a man of letters.

Poet, dramatist, essayist, novelist and writer of short fictions in a *genre* of his own, Lord Dunsany, in PATCHES

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Albert Chevalier, inimitable interpreter of Cockney roles, and Connie Gilchrist, who began as a skipping-rope dancer on the halls, and after a brief but notable stage career, became Countess of Orkney, leaving theatregoers a legacy of fragrant memories, are two of the many characterful personalities of whom Willson Disher discourses in his delightful book, "Winkles and Champagne" (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). Here he tells of the

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How, asks Virginia Woolf, can Woman, in this Man-made World, ever Hope to Prevent a Man-made War? : "A Young Man Looks at Europe" and Gauges the Temper of the People Behind the Troubled Frontiers

By Vernon Fane

OF SUNLIGHT (Heinemann. 15s.), has also been a soldier and a man of action in many fields and has even been a Parliamentary candidate in his time.

No one, having read a word of Lord Dunsany's writings, would expect his autobiography to follow the stereotyped lines of Eton, Sandhurst, the Army, cricket, hunting, shooting, politics, foreign travel and the rest from the silver-spooned cradle towards *The Times* obituary. Yet it does, with this difference. The man born to action, nurtured at "the best of schools," inheriting the traditions and the pursuits of his caste here tells the story of his life because he says his publishers thought there might be some interest in it.

So sensitive a man does scant justice to himself but reveals a certain perspicacity in his publishers. "It is their affair," he says. It is not: it is his. Lord Dunsany does not convince me that he wrote this book from any other motive than that he wanted to indulge in that which delights so many of us—talking about oneself. And the self in which Lord Dunsany is most interested is naturally his writing self.

The writer is the supreme egotist. He writes to publish, and publishes in the hope that someone will read. And why not? Modesty is no garment for an actor: painters paint in the hope that the world will see what they see.

So that if Lord Dunsany hunted and shot, fought in wars and fought elections he has a right to think that we will be interested to know what effect these activities have had in the development of the author of that delightful fantasy *If*. Like so many who have played the fantastic note upon the English language, Lord Dunsany is an Irishman, and the Irishman in letters usually knows exactly how to get the Englishman dancing with delight to his tune.

No Englishman would be allowed to get away with the story of such parts of his life, deliberately choosing the sunlight with scarcely a sidelong glance at the shadows. Lord Dunsany gets away with it in a brilliant exercise in self-immolation, pretending to reveal the stuff his dreams were made on but in reality never wandering far from reality.

It is a delightful volume, full of charm, garnished with anecdote such as comes natural to a practised hand, and leaving off at just the right moment, for there are another twenty years to come.

ALBERT CHEVALIER

comed es and tragedies of the old music halls, of the stars of yesterday whose memory remains green despi time's passage, and of the great mes of to-day, such as Gracie Field and Will Fyffe, who so well maint in the essence of the nineteenth-century tradition. This is a fir -rate piece of story-telling, and r. Disher's swift imaginative pen, ided and abetted by old progr mmes, drawings, and photographs, conjures up the life of the music halls in truly masterly fashion

A YOUNG MAN LOOKS AT EUROPE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is, as its title implies, the record of a journey recently made by a young man and two companions through the troubled countries which comprise Europe to-day. Mr. Robert Young took with him no memories of the last war; nothing, in fact, but the heritage of his generation, and all its attendant apprehensions.

He travelled in France, in Germany, through the countries of Central Europe, seeing, hearing, talking to the people he met, comparing notes with people of his own age. He wound up in Vienna; the Vienna he had so often heard of in poetry and song, famous for centuries as Europe's gayest city, the centre of a musical culture, renowned for its light-hearted freedom; a city that still could laugh though starving, a city whose spirit seemed to be able to survive almost everything. He found no vestige of the old Vienna, but a grim and dreadful place where terror stalked and freedom lay dying, even while he was there.

He saw the blue Viennese sky darkened with aeroplanes, men creeping babbling to their homes, and all the attendant horrors of an oppressive, albeit bloodless, revolution.

In Czechoslovakia he found a proud, but still free, people waiting for the inevitable blow, asking for no pity, receiving none. "We want," they said, "to be regarded as what we are—a powerful democratic, or rather a near-democratic, country, putting up a fight for the liberty of the subject in Central Europe."

In Munich he found people grateful for what their Führer had given them, confident of more benefits to come, actively engaged in preparations for war, yet professing and believing themselves to be as peaceful as they wished to be.

(Continued on next page)

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from previous page)

There are many books about Europe, many books with full political analyses, with eye-witness accounts of the various dramatic coups, some prophesying, some denouncing, some advocating this or that action, others more personal to the itinerary of the author. This is the first attempt I have read to gauge the temper of the ordinary people behind the various frontiers, and to gauge it in terms of the generation who must inevitably carry the burden of whatever day there is to come.

Mr. Young is not a skilled reporter in the special correspondent sense, but he has a very sound gift for observation and for its correlation to the narrative form. His book is so much out of the ordinary that I commend it to anyone who would wish to view the state of Europe at present from a unique and, I think, valuable angle.

MR. HERBERT ARTHUR ASTBURY, who has just been made a Director and Chief General Manager of the Midland Bank, the largest joint stock bank in the world. He is a native of Birmingham, and was educated at King Edward's School in that city before he entered the service of the bank in 1892

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What those responsible for imparting knowledge to and maintaining discipline among this assortment made of it all, the story does not reveal. There are a couple of dons at St. Herbert's to whom reverence is due for their handling of the escapades of the hero and his friends, but they are idealised specimens.

If the reader did not suspect autobiography, he could easily be mighty intolerant of Angus Menzies, who blunders and bumbles through university life, gets a blue, and writes poetry when he hopes somebody is looking. As it is, the author's unfailing good humour, and at times positively witty treatment of his hero's progress, lifts his story into its truest perspective, which is a picture of something that is fundamentally interesting, since it cannot happen again.

As a novelist, Mr. Miller's gifts are displayed to the best advantage in the creation of character, and he knows how to follow through with pace and action. He is never dull, not even when he devotes a whole chapter to such an unappetising little prig as Bohun Richards. I enjoyed this book immensely.

A METERLESS DAY! Girls of the Royal Sailors' Daughters Home, Hampstead, waving from taxis as they left for Burnham Beeches on their annual outing given by London taxi drivers, who provided the cabs, did the driving, and paid the expenses

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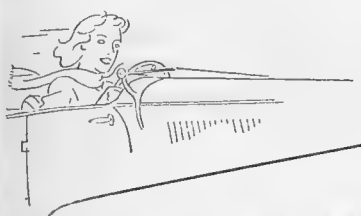

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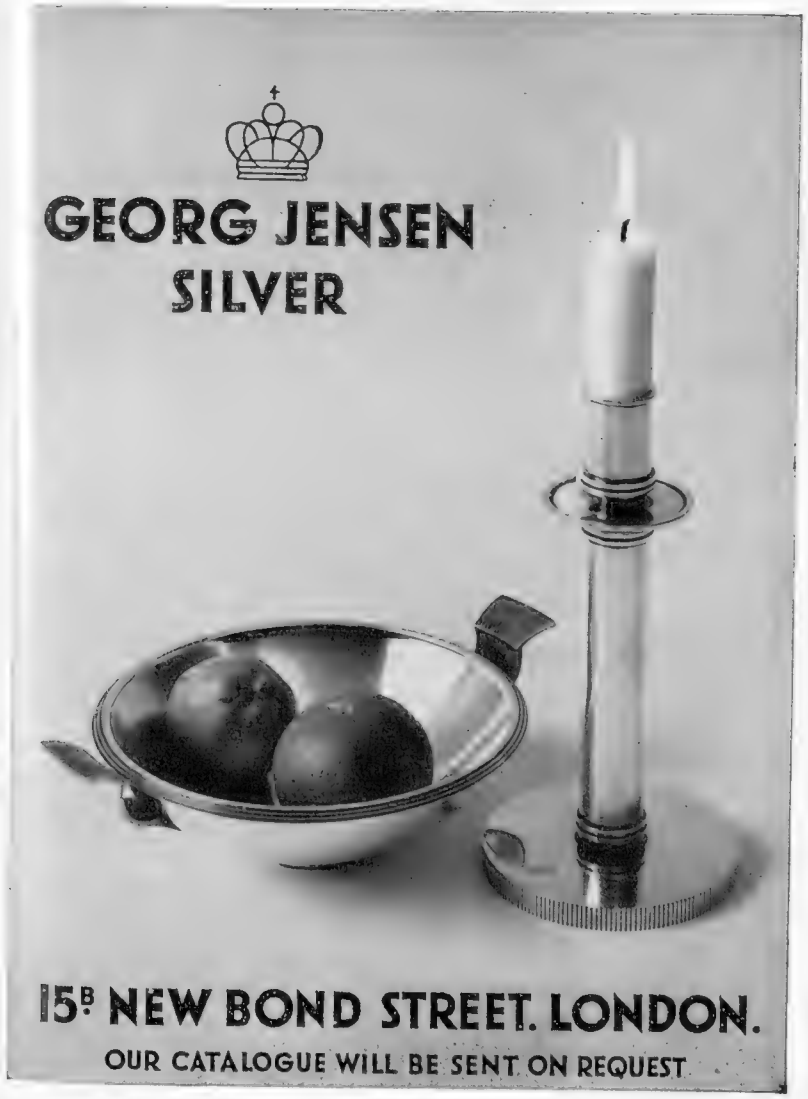

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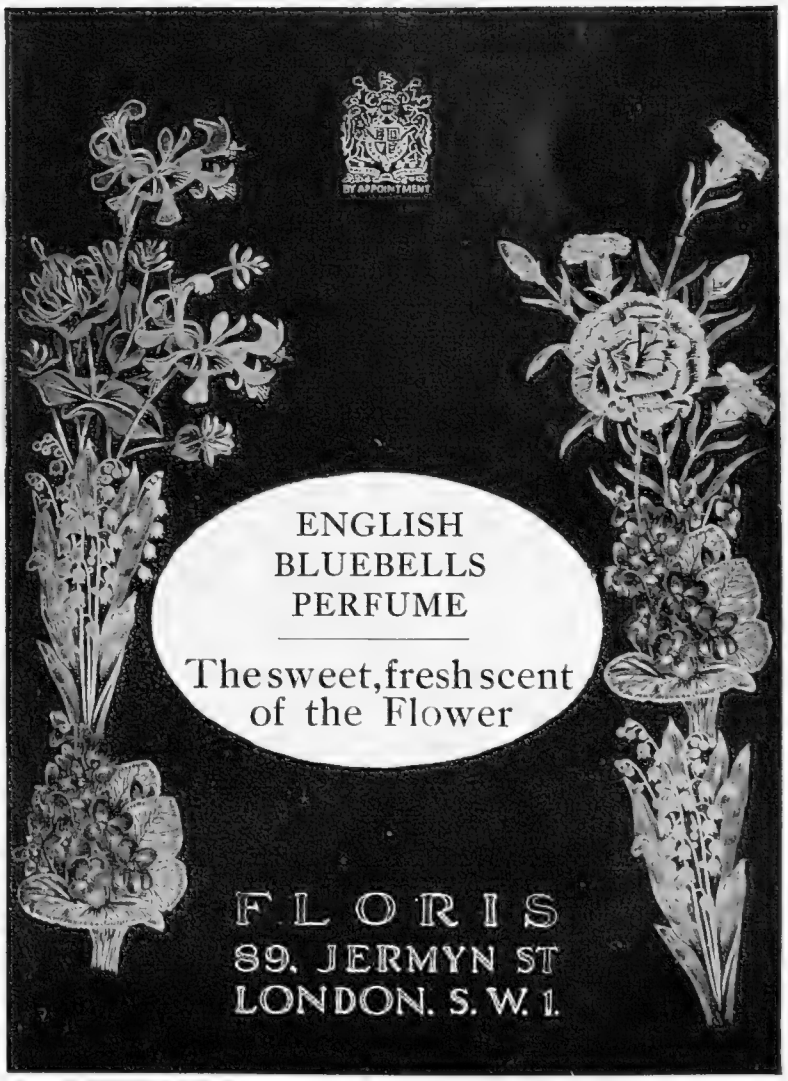

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain, which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

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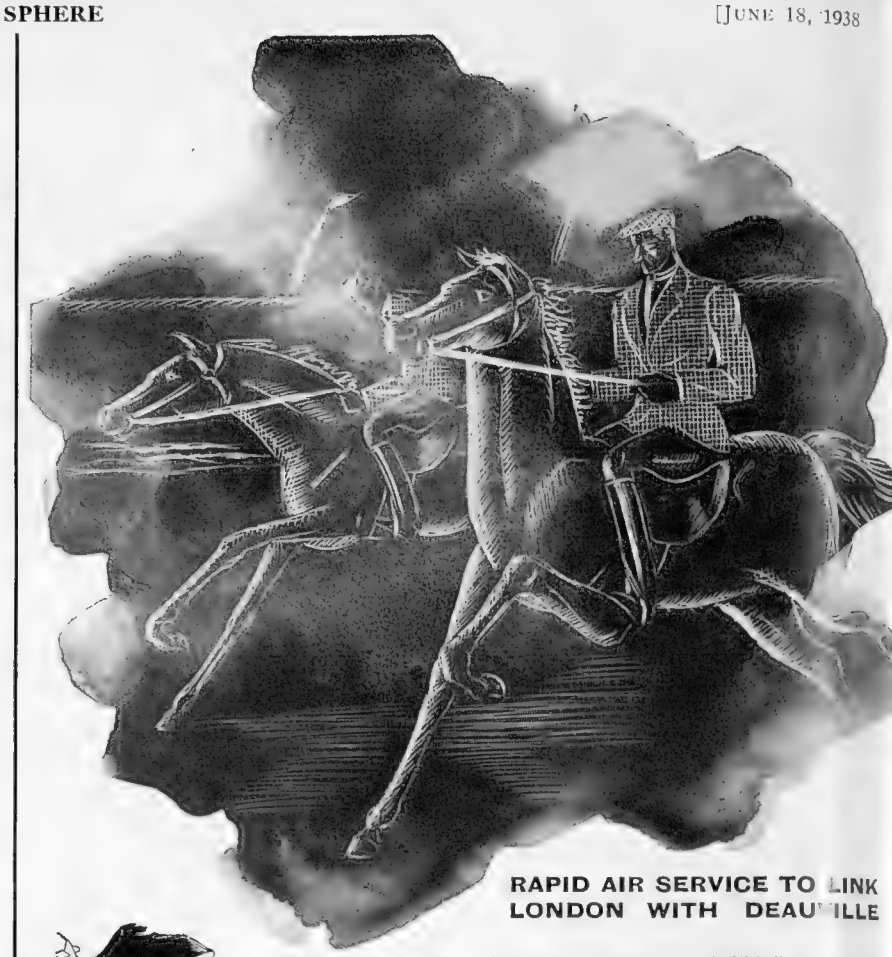

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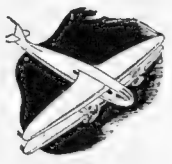

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ROUND ABOUT EUROPE

The Continent's Rich Variety of Sights and Scenes to Attract the Tourist

Some Suggestions for the Summer Holiday-maker Planning to Venture Abroad

IT is the good fortune of comparatively few people to be great travellers, but at this time of year a great many people are turning their thoughts to travel. They have a wonderful range of choice, even if they can be away for only two or three weeks. There is scarcely a country in Europe which is not displaying in brochure and pamphlet its appeal to the people of these islands. On some it will be completely lost, for they have made up their mind to see a bit more of the homeland. There are many, however, who are determined to see as much as they can of other lands and my object is to review for them some of the prospects.

There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that political disturbances will affect the flow of travellers on the Continent this season, not so much in the matter of numbers as the directions they will take. I have frequently been asked of late whether such and such a place is safe for a holiday. I cannot guarantee that any more than I can promise fine weather, but I should have no hesitation in visiting any place, with the possible exception of Spain. Parties are leaving regularly for Central European countries, and the people they have visited seem to have gone out of their way to emphasise the cordiality of their welcome. Czechoslovakia and Germany, which must be considered as including Austria, are the lands most vitally concerned, and it is without question that each is as anxious as ever to receive the tourist from Britain.

The part of Germany best known to our people is the Rhineland, partly because it is so accessible, but much more on account of the singular beauty of the river, particularly between Coblenz and Mainz. There it is bordered on either bank by the ruins of ancient strongholds, and where the steep cliffs draw closest together stands the imposing legend-haunted Lorelei, a jagged mass of rock rising some 450 ft. above the water.

The charm of the Rhine extends to its numerous tributaries, the Ruhr and Lippe running through Westphalia, Wupper, Moselle, Lahn, Main, Necker, and others. What visions these names conjure—hives of industry, vineyards and old Heidelberg. Not far from the Rhine are the famous spas of Baden-Baden, in the Black Forest, Wiesbaden, close to where the Main joins the river, Bad Nauheim, farther off on the far side of the Taurus Mountains, and Bad Ems, a little way up the Lahn. Each has its particular charm and its cure. When you have seen all the places and all that the Rhineland has to offer, you have touched only the fringe, as it were, of a land of inexhaustible tourist interest. Where next should you go? I suppose the musician would say Beyrouth; the historian might prefer Hanover. This garden city is an excellent centre for the tourist.

It was a great pity that the political spanner was thrown into the works of the Czechoslovakian tourist machine just when the season was opening. It made a lot of noise, but the machine is still working, and there are good reasons why even this year should produce quite a good season. The country has become very conscious of its possibilities as a travel ground. Our own prospectors have crossed and recrossed the country and know more of the beauty and interest which would appeal to the tourist. Among them is Stara Boleslav, where St. Wenceslas was murdered at the church door. The hero of our Christmas carol is a spiritual force in the country to-day.

Farther off towards the Polish frontier, in the province of Slovakia, are the resorts in the High Tatra. Lakes, pine woods, and peaks are the setting of some of the spas in that part.

Rubbing shoulders, so to say, with Czechoslovakia are two other attractive touring grounds, Poland and Hungary, which offer great opportunities to those who revel in getting off the more worn paths. Poland is a land of diversity of people, customs and scenery. An atmosphere of historical romance lingers over the palaces and parks of Warsaw, the very distinguished and handsome capital. You might like to try this way to Poland: out to the Baltic through the Kiel Canal to Gdynia, thence to the old Hanseatic town of Danzig by train, and afterwards to Warsaw. Other places to see are Cracow in the south, a famous fortress which has shed its grimness and become a very pleasing city, and Zakopane, at the foot of the Tatra Mountains, the largest climatic resort in the country. Excursions into the mountains are easily made. In Hungary the Danube, Lake Balaton, the Bukh Mountains, the forests and the plains have unusual appeal, and Budapest spa is a city of exceptional interest and charm. There is considerable emphasis on the spa these days, for the capital is very proud of what it can do by the way of cure.

Hungary's neighbour to the south, Yugoslavia, is known to many of our cruising people by virtue of its glorious coastline, down a substantial section of one side of the Adriatic. They do not, as a rule, penetrate very far inland. The coast is very intricate and rocky, but there are some glorious resorts, of which the best known are Dubrovnik, Crikvenica, and the island of Rab.

Instead of going from Basle to Zagreb, a frequent route, you may like to make the diversion through northern Italy, which will enable you to spend some time at Milan, Venice and Trieste, then to Susak and into Yugoslavia that way.

The mention of those Italian towns is a reminder (if one were needed) that travel in that country has a very warm corner in the heart of the British tourist. A better understanding between the two countries is having its effect on the traffic, and I know many who have come back from tours there in recent weeks who are full of enthusiasm. They have seen quite a lot of the cities of outstanding importance, but I think their experience has started a desire to go again and again and give more time to certain districts. A brief look round Florence, for instance, is all very well, but you must remain in the atmosphere of the place for a time to appreciate to the full.

The journey to Italy will probably have shown you something of Switzerland, which is perhaps the greatest touring ground in all the world. Practically every part of it has something to offer, and the people who are in travel as a business are able to give such attractive terms that it is no wonder tourists will be going there in their thousands in the next few weeks. Each year a new batch of resorts comes into prominence, but perhaps the one name more than any other associated with the country is Lucerne. Possibly you think of the lake, but the town of the same name is a very delightful place, with countless attractions, among them this season an international music festival in July and August.

I want to mention just two or three other places in Switzerland. First Brienz, the home of Swiss wood carving. Those little chalets, the bears, and the old men and women with nutcracker jaws come from there and, of course, the bigger work of the quaint signposts. It lies on one of the prettiest lakes in the country and is an ideal centre for the traveller who likes to do some hiking. Another place I would commend to you is Spiez on Lake Thun at the head of two lovely valleys. It is a great strategic centre for the tourist in the Bernese Oberland. Then there is Pontresina in the Engadine, nearly 6,000 ft. above sea level. It has a glorious mountain panorama and is famous both winter and summer.

Now let us come to our nearest neighbours, the countries across the Channel, and therefore reached at less cost than some of the others. France is in a very fortunate position for the tourist traffic this season, owing to the rate of exchange, and one hears of accommodation available for as little per day as the price of quite a modest luncheon in town. In addition, France is very much in our minds at present, owing to the visit of the King and Queen. Paris is preparing a great reception for them at the end of this month. About the middle of July there are the fetes, but before that there are the Grand Prix at Longchamps on June 26, the Jewellery Ball on the same night, when the Chatelet Theatre will be transformed into a jewellery casket, and the Night of the Rose at the Bagatelle Gardens on July 1, this, of course, coinciding with the Royal visit.

Of France's spas perhaps the most outstanding is Vichy, where there are frequent golf and tennis tournaments.

France's coastal neighbour, Belgium, and Holland beyond are already happy hunting grounds for tourists from this country. Each has its distinctive charm. You know of the interesting old cities of Belgium, its great playgrounds by the sea, and the lovely Ardennes. Holland, Luxembourg, and Scandinavia come at the end of the story, and from the tourist angle I can only say last, but by no means least. Nobody who wants to set up a claim to being a traveller can afford to miss them.

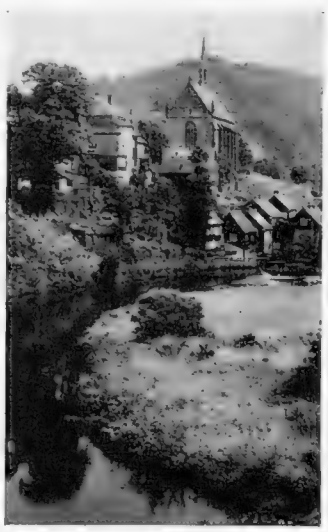
Beverley Brooke

THE SPA CITY ASTRIDE THE DANUBE: The twinkling lights of Budapest, Hungary's gay capital, where so many English folk go these days to take the cure and taste the pleasures of its highly individual, wholly carefree night life

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE PEASANT TRADITION: A labourers' home in the Lowicz region of Poland, where an interior of extreme simplicity is relieved by the gay, hand-decorated plates and other mural decorations

"THE GOLDEN CITY OF A THOUSAND TOWERS": In its architecture Prague, the capital of the new state of Czechoslovakia, reflects the history of the Bohemian people through the centuries



WOODED TRANQUILLITY: The little town of Wuppertal-Beyenburg in the valley of the Wupper, one of the tributaries flowing into the Rhine near Cologne

SIGNPOST HUMOUR: Hikers standing beneath a notice at Interlaken. It points the way to the little railroad that ascends the Harder Mountain

WHERE D'ANNUNZIO LIVED AND DIED: The bizarre Vittoriale at Gardone, home of the Italian poet and patriot, in which the Prince lived with almost Franciscan simplicity and which in his will he left to the Italian people

A VENETIAN SETTING IN SOUTH-EASTERN FRANCE: A glimpse of Annecy, the little town of Haute Savoie, where the lover of the picturesque and the artist alike will find not a little to stimulate their enthusiasm

CRUISING'S CALL

Where the Big Liners Will Be Going During these Summer Months and Some Interesting Plans for the More Distant Future

THE GENTLE ART OF LAZING can be indulged to the full on a Cunard cruising liner. Busy folk for fifty weeks of the year may acquire for once a capacity for taking things easy, their whole outlook changed, it seems, by the magic of the sea air

SEEING EUROPE WITHOUT TRAVEL STRAIN: The new Orient liner, *Orion*, anchored off Venice. This summer she is to cruise in northern waters

AS the cruising season in European waters approaches its peak it may seem a trifle odd to throw your attention forward to Christmas Eve. That is the time scheduled for the departure of the *Franconia* on her next world cruise, but these things have to be thought out a long time in advance. She will be sailing in sunny seas for more than five months and will travel only a little short of 40,000 miles. There are some new features in the itinerary which is even more attractive than its predecessors.

She will call at Kupang in Timor, where Bligh landed after the *Bounty* mutiny. From Port Moresby, in primitive New Guinea, she will do a rare succession of South Sea Island calls: Fila in the New Hebrides, Noumea in New Caledonia, Suva in the Fiji Islands, Nukualofa in the Friendly or Tongan Islands, Pago Pago and Apia in Samoa. Much more is planned, but these will serve as appetisers. The minimum rate will be 410 guineas and the standard shore excursions are included. These are arranged through the world-wide organisation of Thos. Cook and Son, whose combination with the Cunard White Star in this direction has proved an unqualified success.

The C.P.R.'s *Empress of Britain* will again cruise round the world in the northern hemisphere, calling at Monaco on January 21 and returning to Southampton on May 23. Her calls in the Far East will include Hong Kong, Shanghai, Chinwangtao and ports in Japan.

In any consideration of sea holidays it must be remembered that quite a lot of people like to make use of the regular routes in preference to going by vessels on specially arranged cruises. The various Atlantic lines have done a lot to cater for this traffic and then there are the reduced summer rates through the Mediterranean and to the islands of the Atlantic which attract considerable business. The Booth liners which make those wonderful voyages up the mighty Amazon are also regulars. The *Anselm* is going out at the end of this month and the *Hilary* in August. Reduced summer rates apply on these two voyages.

The Sun Tan cruises of the Canadian Pacific are now in full swing with varied itineraries, though voyages southward to Lisbon, North Africa and the Atlantic islands predominate. The first of the five to northern waters will be taken by the *Montcalm*, leaving London on July 2.

At this time of year the Baltic ports and the coast of Norway figure in many itineraries. The first of the *Viceroy of India's* four first-class cruises in those waters begins to-day (June 18). The first three occupy thirteen days each, so she is able to sail from this country at fortnightly intervals. On the August cruise (departure July 30) she will include Iceland and will be away twenty-three days.

The French Line have *De Grasse* making a very attractive cruise into northern waters about the same time. She leaves Le Havre on July 24 and calls at Granton on the Firth of Forth two days later. She will then go to Iceland and on to Spitzbergen, returning down the Norwegian coast. This cruise will occupy 22 days and the novelty of making it in a famous French liner is very attractive.

The Royal Mail Line's famous cruising vessel *Atlantis*, which sails from Southampton on July 2, is making a call at Leith to enable passengers to go to the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow before proceeding to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Later in the month she has a seven days' cruise to Southern Norway.

The P. and O. liner *Strathallen* has two cruises in the Mediterranean in July, one leaving on July 2 and the other on July 16. She goes to the northern capitals on July 30. The *Strathaeden* leaves for the Mediterranean on June 25, July 9, and the Adriatic on July 30.

The Orient Line are using the *Orcades* and *Orion* on a series of weekly departures to northern waters, the first departure being on June 25 by the former. A week later the *Orford*, carrying two classes, will set out on the first of four fortnightly cruises in the Mediterranean. B.

SUNBATHING DE LUXE on the spacious and wide open after-deck of a French cruising liner, fitted out, it will be seen, for this very purpose

BERGEN'S SUPERB SETTING: One of the many Norwegian ports at which several cruising liners will be making calls during this summer

Cook's Grand Tour of

YOU'LL NEVER SEE ITALY . . .
SO THOROUGHLY, SO COMFORTABLY, SO ECONOMICALLY, AS ON THIS GRAND TOUR!

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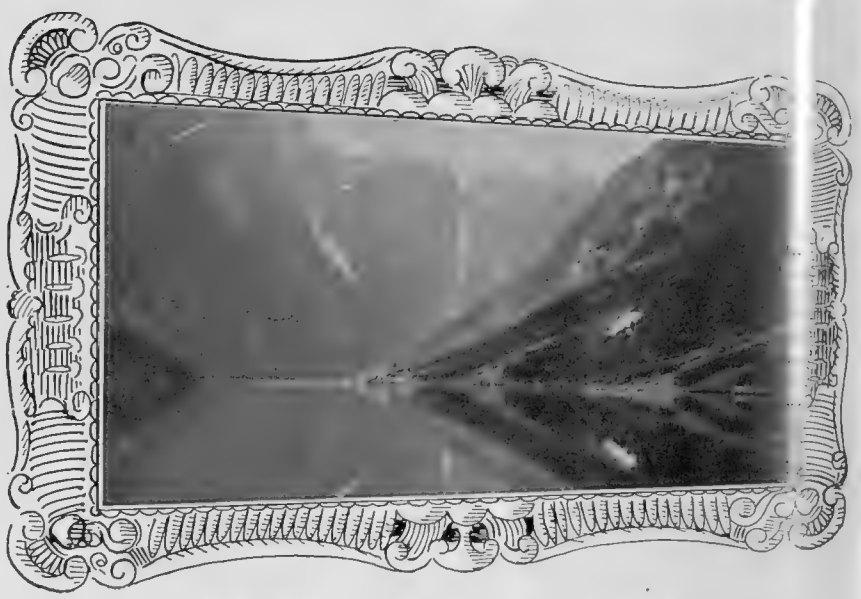

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Fares range from 22 gns. for 13 days. For all information apply 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1; 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; Australia House, Strand, W.C.2, or to your local agent.

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JULY 16 • The Baltic.
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FROM LONDON

in the well-known cruising liner

"LANCASTRIA"
(17,020 tons)

JULY 2

NORTHERN CAPITALS

Hamburg, Kiel Canal, Zoppot, famous Baltic seaside resort and ancient Danzig, Helsingfors, charming capital of Finland, hospitable Stockholm, picturesque Visby, and gay Copenhagen, 13 days from 17 gns.

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For full particulars and illustrated booklet apply Dept. No. 9 Booth Line, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 and 1/3, Robert St., London, W.C.2; or the usual Agents.

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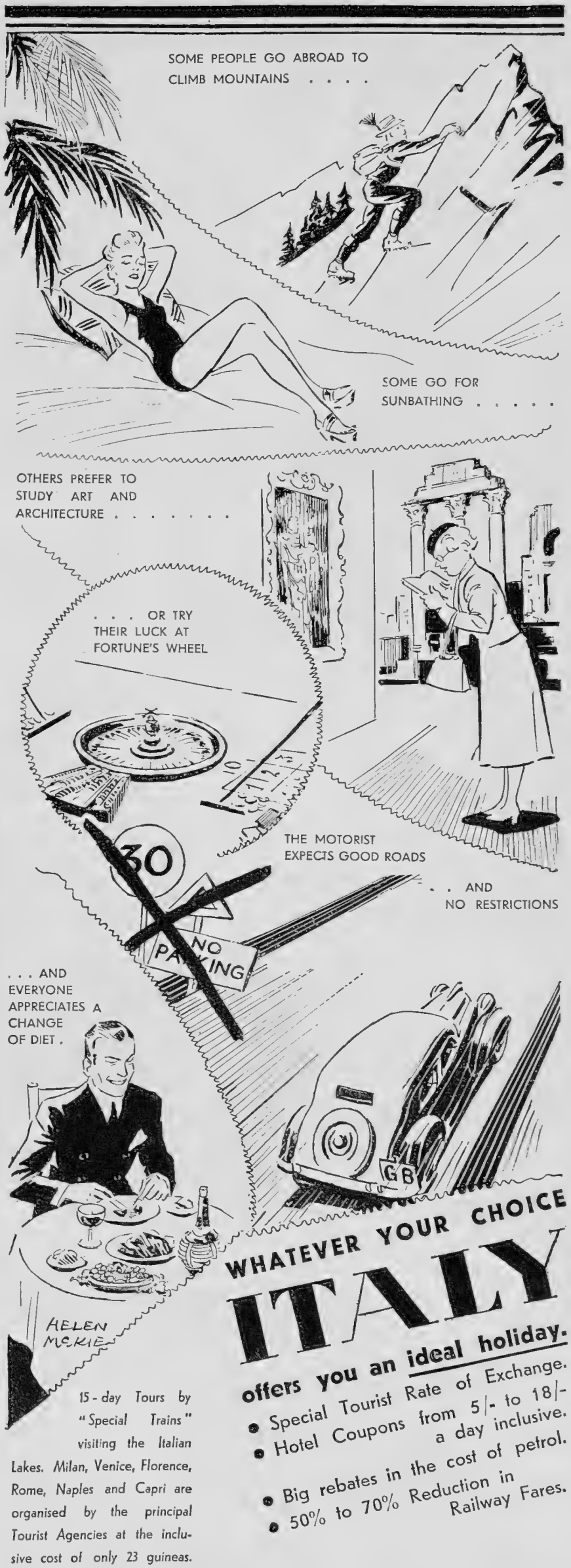

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In Quest of

What Chesterton, Poet and Bon "White Hart": A Focal

I MENTIONED last week Lincoln and its famous White Hart Hotel, and I promised then that I would in the near future write more fully about it. This week I keep my promise—and with pleasure. For I never arrived at a place and received a more delightful surprise. I had always heard the White Hart spoken of as being a good class family hotel, and when I pulled up one evening in the pouring rain outside its solid doors, the impression was confirmed that I should find good class family comfort inside. Just that, and no more. Instead, I found one of the most characterful and tastefully luxurious hotels that I know.

The first thing I must describe is the way to reach it. For Lincoln, with its great cathedral-topped hill towering up in its midst, is really two cities, and the transit from one to the other is not of the easiest unless you know the road. The first thing to remember is that the White Hart stands beside the Cathedral, and consequently you must reach the upper city. To do this, follow the broad main road that winds round the whole of the Cathedral. When you reach the Cathedral, do not be deterred by the fact that you cannot see the White Hart. Turn into the Cathedral close. Drive your car round the base of this monument of fine architecture and out at a small gate at the outside end. Here is the White Hart. And Mr. Levine, the proprietor, tells me he is actually hopeful of acquiring in the near future a couple of houses in the close itself as an annexe to the hotel and through which a more conspicuous entrance will be possible.

It may strike you as a remarkable thing—it certainly struck me so—that it should be considered possible for a house in a cathedral close to belong to an hotel. But I had not been at the White Hart for long before I realised the close connection which exists between the White Hart and the Cathedral. Just as the White Hart regards the Cathedral as one of its many amenities, so do the Dean and Chapter regard the White Hart. And you will certainly feel, when you stay there, that you have really reached the heart of Lincoln.

The White Hart is, I suppose, an old coaching house, and it still bears signs of it in the sense that the building is old and mellowed, and that the rooms are spacious, beautifully decorated, and in certain cases furnished with precious and lovely furniture.

But how often is the catch-phrase "Old Coaching House" used as an excuse for modern discomfort? Not so at the White Hart. Here you will find beds which positively charm you into sleeping, beautifully decorated modern bedrooms with, of course, hot and cold basins as well as central heating in each of them, bed lamps and shaving lamps there to your touch where you most want them, and in many cases beautiful views

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly
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Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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WEST WICKHAM, KENT

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Illustrated brochure free on request.

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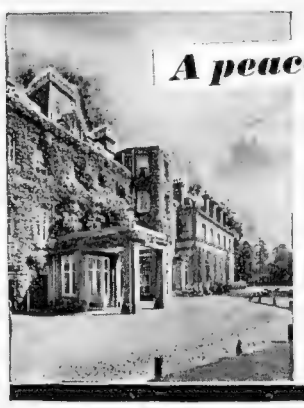
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.



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IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. A variety of sports . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

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ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

400 feet above sea level. *Telephone: 1911*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Viveur, Thought of Lincoln's Point of the Cathedral City

of the Cathedral as you dress or lie in bed.

The food is very good indeed, and I suppose that this must count as one of the best places to stop at for a meal in the Eastern Counties. In every respect, this delightful discovery makes the best of two worlds. You may sit in the lounge or the writing room surrounded by Sheraton or Adam furniture and thinking of centuries past, only to be reminded, as you enter your bedroom or the dining room, that while there is much to be said for the olden days, there is perhaps still more to be said for to-day.

It is important, I think, in writing of the White Hart, to say something of Lincoln as a centre for touring. It has two great advantages. It is the perfect headquarters for touring the Fens and that particular part of the eastern coast, and being but a very short distance off the Great North Road it is an admirable place to pull into for the night when travelling north or south. For many people dislike stopping right on the North Road, and Lincoln, some few miles to the east of it, between Newark and Retford, is a peaceful resting-place.

But, of course, the city has more attractions than that. The Cathedral really is a fine one, considered by many to be second only to Chartres in the world. And to students of architecture it is interesting in being the second oldest, I believe, of all Gothic cathedrals.

And to jump to the other end of the scale, there can be few people who have not heard of the famous Lincoln races. Lincoln racecourse is a most attractive one. Incidentally, Mr. Levine is also partly responsible for this, and I am not surprised to hear that it is administered in the same enterprising manner as his hotel.

Many people in the worlds of society, art, and letters have made their pilgrimage to Lincoln and have stayed at the White Hart, among them the Duke of Windsor. But perhaps I can best conclude by quoting for you what the late G. K. Chesterton wrote on the fly-leaf of Mr. Levine's copy of *The Ballad of the White Horse:*

"The Ballad of the White Horse,
Too many quires doth fill,
The Ballad of the White Hart
Would fill more pages still.

Hart, for thine hospitality
Then be thine horn exalted,
Which cornucopia flowed for me
Since at thy doors I halted."

A fitting tribute, with which I am pleased to associate myself.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. S. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

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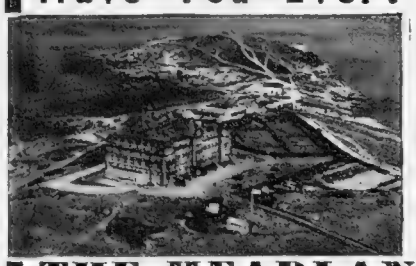
ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

Have You Ever?



• • AWAKENED in the morning to the roar of the surf, with the gulls wheeling in the sunshine and the waiter wheeling in breakfast? Thinking—shall it be golf, or a drive up the coast to Tintagel, a fishing line off the point or just a stroll and a surf-bathe before lunch?

• • AWAKENED again in the evening to the clink of glasses in the bar, the murmur of conversation at dinner . . . and finished up to the strains of Shirley Waldron's Band keeping time in the Ballroom?

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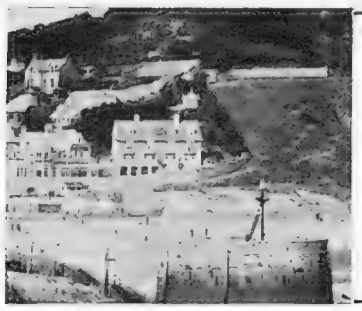

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In Quest of

Perthshire, Gateway to the Converge on their

I LIKE, where possible, in writing these articles to tackle a district at a time or a logical route at a time, so as to show some sort of connection between different places and different hotels in the same way as they will strike the actual tourist on his travels. And this week let it be Perthshire. For what visitor to the Highlands does not mark the beginning of his journey here?

Perthshire and its noble capital city are the undisputed entrance to the highland country beyond. In Perth itself you will be well advised to stay at the Station Hotel. As with many hotels in big cities, it is not easy to find any specially unusual characteristics about this place which will fix it in the reader's mind, but it shares with most of the hotels nowadays which are run by railway companies the distinction of superlatively good management and really quiet efficiency.

This is not one of the well-known L.M.S. group of hotels, which I have already written about, but it is jointly managed by the L.M.S. and the L.N.E.R., and its standard is the standard of the modern railway hotel. Its prices are very moderate, and although it stands in the city, its own grounds all round it give it an atmosphere of peace and seclusion and allow views of Kinnoull and Moncrieffe Hills in the distance. And — need I say it again about a Scottish hotel?—there are three golf courses within five or ten minutes walk.

There is a temptation, I know, to rush through Perth and make for the glories which lie beyond. Understandable, but, in my opinion, wrong. For Perth is a fair city, and well repays a few days' stay. It is not the place of this article to dilate on its natural charm, or on the great interest of its history. But when you go to the Station Hotel, you will be given a little booklet which introduces you not to the hotel itself, but to the glories of the city. A very worth-while idea, this.

From Perth, the traveller has the choice of two routes. He can go due south through Lunncarty and Birnam to Dunkeld, and so up the glorious highland road to Inverness. Or he can go westwards and lose himself in the delightful country between Brig o' Turk and Killin, at the southern end of Loch Tay. Such names as Balquhidder and Inverlochlaraig and Strathyre hold promise of a romantic countryside, which repays a visit.

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PEEBLES HYDRO

(L)

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Highlands, Where Motorists Northward Way

And in this part of the country I can do no better than recommend you to pay a visit to the delightful Auchraw Hotel at Lochearnhead at the western end of Loch Earn. Here you are truly in the Highlands. As you stand on the shores of Loch Earn, you have, within a radius of some 10 miles, no fewer than eleven peaks of between 2,000 ft. and 3,000 ft. or over 3,000 ft.

The Auchraw Hotel has, I consider, a particularly pleasant and homely atmosphere about it. It is the sort of place where you will find the same guests year after year, and staying for long spells. But do not be deterred by this. For you, too, can become one of this family, so long as you reserve your accommodation in plenty of time.

The hotel stands in its own grounds right on the edge of Loch Earn. Fishing on the loch is free to guests, and it is an admirable starting place for a hill-climbing walk. There are two golf courses close at hand.

If you take the other route and decide to drive straight up the highland road, you will, of course, stop at Dunkeld, justly proud of its immemorial title "The Gateway to the Highlands." Dunkeld is truly an enchanting little town, and, girt as it is on all sides with the tallest and most majestic-looking pine trees, it holds somehow a mysterious promise of the delights ahead.

It may be that you do not wish to stop in Dunkeld itself, and if so I will gladly accept your decision, for but a few miles to the west of it, and situated in some of the most glorious scenery in Scotland, you will find the Amulree Hotel, a place which is not to be missed by the appreciative traveller. The scenery of the Sma' Glen, as it abuts on to General Wade's old road through the Highlands, is almost beyond description. And its great hills, all of which in the summer months are positively ablaze with heather, have to be seen to be believed.

The hotel itself is high up, and boasts of one of the most exhilarating climates in Scotland. Inside you will find nothing ostentatious in the way of decoration and furnishing, but you *will* find everything planned with an astonishing practical eye for comfort in small details. Every bedroom has hot and cold water, and the latest type of box spring mattress, so that after a day on the hills you can complete the good work by a night of peaceful sleep.

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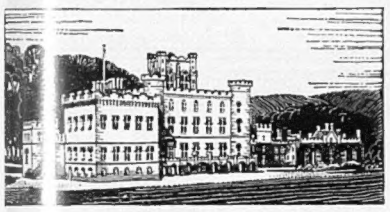

and the Empire Exhibition lies Taymouth Castle. In Tudor times a feudal stronghold—to-day a modern hotel! Here in the heart of the Grampians you can explore the peaks and glens, fish the Tay, play tennis, badminton or golf in the Castle's own 500 acres. Here you will find twentieth-century comfort (there's even a modern dance-floor) in the atmosphere of 400 years ago.

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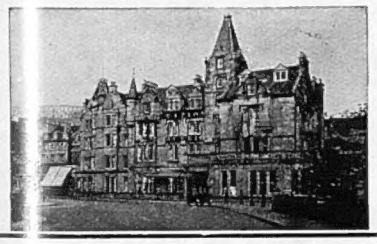

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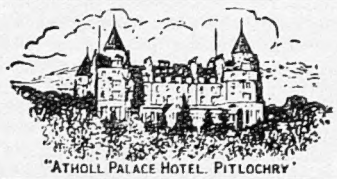

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HOW CZECHOSLOVAKIA ACHIEVED STATEHOOD (*Continued from page* 594)

all the attributes of sovereign and independent power. On October 17 the Austrian Emperor Charles issued a manifesto offering the various nationalities of his empire a measure of autonomy on the basis of an Austrian federation. The offer was too partial and came too late. Austria's hour had struck. The Czechs at home declined even discussion with the Vienna government, and declared that the question of Czechoslovakia must be left to the Peace Conference. On the 18th the provisional government at Paris issued a declaration of independence, signed by Professor Masaryk, Dr. Benes, and General Stefanik. On October 27 the Austro-Hungarian government recognised the rights of the Czechoslovaks, and cabled to President Wilson at Washington a request for an armistice and peace negotiations.

ROYALTY AND THE RAILROAD: Mr. C. R. Byrom, Chief Operating Manager of the L.M.S., who has just retired after completing a remarkable spell of service in connection with Royal Train journeys, having been in charge of the Royal Train on no fewer than sixty-four occasions in the past twelve years, King George V, King Edward VIII, and King George VI, having been his passengers. Altogether Mr. Byrom has been with the railway for forty-two years

"Thus, on October 28, 1918, the Czechs regained the independence which they had lost almost 300 years before, at the ill-fated battle of the White Mountain on November 8, 1620. The National Council at Prague issued a proclamation of independence and took over the reins of government.

"On November 16 the first representative body of the Czechoslovak people—the National Assembly as it was called—met at Prague. Its members, 236 in number, were selected from all the different political parties in proportion to their strength as shown by the last parliamentary election previous to the war. The Assembly proceeded to decide upon the form of government to be adopted. The unanimous decision of the Assembly was in favour of a republic, and Professor Masaryk, at that time still absent abroad, was unanimously chosen as first president. A Cabinet was formed, with Dr. Kramar, who during the war had been sentenced to death for treason and afterwards reprieved, as premier, and Dr. Benes as foreign minister."

AMERICA'S JOBLESS (*Continued from page* 598)

The only wages that will have been increased and the only hours that will have been shortened will be among the trades employed by the great industries. This means that President Roosevelt will again have played into the hands of the labour unions. It means that the prices of manufactured articles will again increase. It means that the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar, which shrank 37 cents in the past year, and of the consumer's dollar generally will shrink again. What is offered, therefore, as a means of correcting an evil is revealed as a means of making it worse.

The only effectual correction for which a great many people now hope is the eventual collapse of the New Deal. These people have long since abandoned the hope that the President will ever see the folly of trying to spend his way back to prosperity, or that, if he sees it, he will admit it, and act accordingly. They have abandoned the hope that he will see the folly of trying to tell the soil how much cotton and corn and wheat and tobacco it shall produce in any given year. They have abandoned the hope that he will ever get it through his head that he cannot command the dust-storms to stand still.

For several reasons, however, the New Deal is not likely to reach a state of complete collapse, not in any clear-cut manner. Collapse, eventually, it will, because there is nothing else that it can do; but by that time there will be other factors in operation to cushion its fall. Meanwhile, there is some immediate relief in sight. First is the general conviction, which seems to have some basis, that business in the United States has reached the bottom, and that the only direction it can go is up. Second is the fact that people generally have dispensed with new goods for so long that they must buy eventually, and in the not-too-distant future.

Beyond this, the United States as a whole assumes that sooner or later there will be a war in Europe, and that the United States will make money out of it. The assumption appears to be plausible, and it appears to be also the only possible liquidation of the New Deal. In any case, more and more Americans are waiting for "the war in Europe," and more and more Americans are reading the European news, not because they care about the fate of Austria or of Czechoslovakia, but because for them the chance of war has become the clue to jobs. Daily they are becoming franker about it.

THE PETROL WORLD (*Continued from page* 618)

attendances. The latest development of greyhound racing is patronised by hundreds of thousands of people. I suppose the average Britisher has always been a follower of the turf, but all the three sports which I have mentioned have one common factor, and that is betting. I am quite convinced that if it were not for this the crowds that flock to these events would not be nearly so great. The press of the country devote pages to betting news in connection with these sports, and so everybody has an opportunity for having a flutter, even if he or she does not attend. If the lay press would only devote a due proportion of their space to motor racing, not forgetting the betting angle, I think that this branch of sport would become far more popular. In addition to the assistance of the press we require help from Parliament.

Why, for instance, should our right hon. friends allow Totes to operate on horse and dog tracks and not permit them to work on a motor race course? In their wisdom they allow us to place our bets with the bookmaker at Donington or Brooklands, but no, we must not entrust our shillings to a Tote. Some years ago, before the last Betting Act was passed, a Tote was in operation at Brooklands and from personal observation it was noted that the great majority of clients were women. This is quite understandable because the average woman usually does not wish to risk more than a shilling, and when this amount is offered to a bookmaker the remarks it prompts him to make are scarcely Parliamentary, with the result that the weaker sex refrain from having a flutter, which naturally lessens their interest. No sport can attract really large crowds unless the womenfolk are keen. It is difficult to understand why it should be moral to bet with a Tote at Sandown Park, whereas five miles away it is considered evil to do the same thing at Brooklands.

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Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. World-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Königswinter o/Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
Coupon d'hotel (A) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blenies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10 6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11 -. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delight. homelike atmos. All cmfts. and amenities. Renowned cuisine. Diet. Inclusive terms from 12s. 6d.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest situation. Most comfortable. Excellent catering.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation *directly* on lake-shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—The Excelsior has the best sitn. on Lake.—1st cl.—110 rms. all South. Recmd. for a stay all year round. Personal attention.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village, 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Spiez.—Strand-Hotel Belvédère.—Excellent hotel in unrivalled position on the Lake of Thun, Bernese Oberland. Pension from Frs. 9.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Parkhotel.
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15 50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac.—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD
(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.
Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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